

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 836.—9 June, 1860.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. The Youth of Milton,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , 579
2. Stream Sounds. Part 2,	<i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , 598
3. The Fight for the Championship,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 602
4. Little Scholars,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , 605
[Written by Miss Thackeray, daughter of the Editor.]	
5. Kitchi-Gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior,	<i>Press</i> , 612
6. Ho! for the Pole!—Dr. Hayes' Expedition,	<i>N. Y. Evening Post</i> , 615
7. Samuel G. Goodrich—his death,	" " 619
8. George Bancroft on Washington Irving,	<i>N. Y. Historical Society</i> , 620
9. Mr. Gladstone's Installation at Edinburgh,	<i>N. Y. Evening Post</i> , 621
10. The Grand Duchess of Baden,	<i>Galignani</i> , 624
11. Retrospects: a Tale told Backwards,	<i>National Magazine</i> , 625
12. Something to Live for,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , 629
13. Official Reception of the Japanese,	<i>National Intelligencer</i> , 637
14. Alexander Cruden,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 640

POETRY.—The Carver's Lesson, 578. Italy, 1859–60, 578. Life, 578. Ode to the Japanese, 611. Requiescat in Pace, 614.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Steam Vessels for the Ganges, 597. National Edition of Irving's Works, 597. Gervinus' History of the Nineteenth Century, 597. Taking it Coolly, 604. Grimm's German Lexicon, 604. Contemporary Biography, 604. Illustrated Edition of The Parables, 604. King of Prussia, 604. New Edition of Johnson's Dictionary, 604. Baron Gros' Embassy to China, 604. Polybius, Plato, etc., 611. Voltaire's Papers, 613. Macaulay and Lady Morgan, 613. Rawlinson's Herodotus, 618. Spaniards recover old relics, 618. Bonaparte Family, 618. The Japanese and Russians, 636.

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THE CARVER'S LESSON.

TRUST me, no mere skill of subtle tracery,

No mere practice of a dexterous hand,

Will suffice, without a hidden spirit,

That we may, or may not, understand.

And those quaint old fragments that are left us

Have their power in this,—the carver brought

Earnest care, and reverent patience, only

Worthily to clothe some noble thought.

Shut, then, in the petals of the flowers,

Round the stems of all the lilies twine,

Hide beneath each bird's or angel's pinion,

Some wise meaning or some thought divine.

Place in stony hands that pray forever

Tender words of peace, and strive to wind

Round the leafy scrolls and fretted niches

Some true, loving message to your kind.

Some will praise, some blame, and, soon forget-
ting,

Come and go, nor even pause to gaze;

Only now and then a passing stranger

Just may loiter with a word of praise.

But, I think, when years have floated onward,

And the stone is gray and dim and old,

And the hand forgotten that has carved it,

And the heart that dreamt it still and cold:

There may come some weary soul, o'erladen

With perplexed struggle in his brain,

Or, it may be, fretted with life's turmoil,

Or made sore with some perpetual pain.

Then, I think, those stony hands will open,

And the gentle lilies overflow,

With the blessing and the loving token

That you hid there many years ago.

And the tendrils will unroll, and teach him

How to solve the problem of his pain;

And the birds' and angels' wings shake down-
ward

On his heart a sweet and tender rain.

While he marvels at his fancy, reading

Meaning in that quaint and ancient scroll,

Little guessing that the loving carver

Left a message for his weary soul.

—*Cornhill Magazine*.

A. A. P.

ITALY, 1859-60.

THE widow of a golden world,

The daughter of a deathless past,

The foster-child of pity, hurled

Her voice across the night, at last;

And underneath the night she stood,

Beneath the star that was her Lord's,—

But ere the morning broke in blood

Her strength was symbolized with swords!

And while the widowed nation fought,

The song her Roman mother sung,

The function and the form of thought

Took might and meaning on her tongue;

She tracked her own immortal cause

Across the paths her mother trod,

And sought the riddle of the laws

Whose slow progression leads to God!

The golden past was uninjured,

The bitter sin of sloth had ceased,

And, rising all her height, she spurned

The perfumed cushions of the priest;

She doffed the ragged robe she wore,

The woof of miserable creeds,

And like a saving armor, bore

The fame of unforgotten deeds!

And while the widowed nation strove,

Out of the old immortal race,

To watch the altar of her love

And wear her widow's weeds apart;

And lit her lands with old renown,

And led the new heroic race,

A kestrel playing with a crown

Sharpened his eyes upon her face.

The throned despair of freedom, taught

In schools where flowers of freedom die,

In whom the eagle light of thought

Was darkened to a lawless lie—

Who ranged his lands as robbers do,

Cloaked in another's bastard fame,

Untaught that freedom, whom he slew,

Was glory with a gentler name!

But when he drew his golden knife,

And took the widowed nation's hand,

Low wooing while they walked in strife

They hurled a tyrant from the land.

Before the morn that bore the day

Her strength was symbolized with swords,

But in the southern eve she lay

Stabbed to the heart with honeyed words!

—*Athenæum*.

B.

LIFE.

LIKE to the falling of a star,

Or as the flights of eagles are,

Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,

Or silver drops of morning dew,

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,

Or bubbles which on water stood—

E'en such is man, whose borrowed light

Is straight called in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,

The spring entombed in autumn lies,

The dew dries up, the star is shot,

The flight is past—and man forgot!

HENRY KING.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time.* By David Masson, M.A., etc. Vol. 1. 1608-39. 8vo. Cambridge and London: [1859.
2. *An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton, with an Introduction to "Paradise Lost."* By Thomas Keightley. 8vo. London: 1859.
3. *The Poems of John Milton, with Notes by* Thomas Keightley. 2 vols. 8vo. London: [1859.
4. *Original Papers illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Milton, including sixteen Letters of State written by him, now first published from MSS. in the State Paper Office.* Collected and edited by W. Douglas Hamilton. Printed for the Camden Society. 1859.

MR. MASSON'S volume has many sterling merits and some serious defects. His industry is immense; his zeal unflagging; his special knowledge of Milton's Life and Times extraordinary; and when he does not copy the vices of Mr. Carlyle's diction, his style is manly, easy, and picturesque. But the radical fault of his narrative is its plan; and as this affects the whole of his present volume, and may affect equally its promised successors, we will state our objections to it, before proceeding to comment upon the goodly, though somewhat tedious, octavo before us. The Life of Milton might well be written again: Johnson's prejudices, Todd's dulness, and Symmon's rhetorical pomp, are alike unworthy of the subject. But to connect the "political, ecclesiastical, and literary History of his Time" with his personal history is to build a labyrinth of digression and episode, for which it is scarcely possible to furnish a sufficient clue. From the maze of Mr. Masson's excursions on politics, church-government, and literature, Milton himself is continually disappearing. If he be not hid with excess of light, he is often buried beneath excess of matter. Like a rock invisible at spring tide, like a city overgrown by its suburbs, Milton's place and person are often lost through hundreds of pages in Mr. Masson's narrative, and the bewildered reader is driven to ask on what pretext he is thus shrouded from view. Milton was neither soldier nor statesman. For the first thirty years of his life he was a se-

cluded scholar: for the last portion he dwelt in deep retirement, his only companions a faithful few, mourning like himself over the disappointment of their hopes, but lifting neither hand nor voice against the strong sons of Zeruiah. The longest interval that can be assigned to Milton as a public man, dates from his first controversial pamphlet "On Reformation in England," printed in the early part of 1641. The first letter which he wrote in his official capacity as "Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council," is dated March, 1648-9, and this, strictly speaking, was the inauguration of his public career. Hardly a sixth part of his life in the one case, hardly a fourth in the other, was devoted either to polemical or political eloquence, and what he wrote besides, being for all time, is as independent of the causes and circumstances of the great Rebellion as Grotius' treatise "De Veritate Christianâ" of the Thirty Years' War.

Since Mr. Masson's volume appeared, the Camden Society has further elucidated Milton's life and official career by the publication of various documents, and among them sixteen "Letters of State" hitherto unpublished. They have been excellently edited by Mr. W. Douglas Hamilton, and will prove a valuable auxiliary to Mr. Masson when he enters on the second period of his biography. The new letters confirm all previous impressions of Milton's command of the Latin tongue, and of the eloquence, energy, and dignity he gave to the political despatches of the Commonwealth, especially when the subject (as in the case of the persecution of the Vaudois by the Duke of Savoy) touched his own love of freedom and truth. But Mr. Masson has given too much importance to Milton's office as Secretary of Foreign Tongues. His duties more nearly resembled those of the Clerk of the Council than those of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. There is nothing to show that he was consulted by the Council at first, or by Cromwell afterwards, upon their general or occasional policy. His official duties were confined to clothing in vigorous Latin their minutes and diplomatic instruments. He was the fittest man of the time, in virtue both of his principles and his scholarship, to vindicate the freedom of England on the seas, to protest against the cruelty of the Duke of Savoy, and to expound to Europe the

high argument between the king and people of England. In every other controversy of the time, except that great debate, and the assertion of his country's right to arrest the career of persecution, Milton was a volunteer, and nearly as often in opposition to the government as in its service. He early threw off the shackles of Puritanism: he scandalized both godly ministers and laity by his Doctrine of Divorce; and though he panegyrized the Protector and the Independents, both in prose and verse, his adherence to them was more that of an ally than a partisan. While his countrymen were debating whether Cromwell should be king, or Charles Stuart be recalled, or whether England like Holland, should be governed by a senate and a stadtholder, Milton was dreaming of some such government as Plato had imagined. While they were divided between a church regulated by bishops or by elders, he was drawing up schemes for religious communion that would scarcely have been practicable in the days of Polycarp or Irenæus. It is remarkable that in recent debates on the Law of Divorce Milton's arguments on the subject have never once been cited; and it would be difficult to name any one who less reflected the opinions of an age than the author of the "Colasterion," the "Tetrachordon," the "Areopagitica," or the "Ready Way to establish a Free Commonwealth." The chief value of Mr. Masson's researches into the first moiety of Milton's Life consists in the light thrown by them upon the formative period of his mind, and especially upon the labors by which he attained that consummate eloquence in prose and rhyme which renders even his State Papers memorable, and breathes with unequalled grace and majesty in his verse.

The inconveniences of Mr. Masson's plan manifest themselves throughout his present volume. Episodes fill nearly two-thirds of its seven hundred and eighty closely printed pages. The tributaries of the narrative overwhelm the main stream. Milton was educated at Saint Paul's School, and we have presented to us a chronicle of the school itself. He went in due course of time to Cambridge; we have then a history of the studies, morals, and manners of the University. He writes sonnets, pastorals, and masques; we are treated to a sketch—and by no means a brief one—of British litera-

ture from Ben Jonson to the first publication of the "Arcades," "Comus," and Lycidas." He declined going into the Church; the story of Laud and Arminianism, of Abbot and Calvinism, is told at large. He retires into the country for the purpose of study; we are informed of all that happened in public affairs during his seclusion: he goes abroad; we have a Fasti of all the memorable events and persons at the time in Europe. Mr. M. stands greatly in need of the counsel which Corinna tendered to Pindar, who had packed into six verses the whole of the Theban mythology, "Friend we should sow with the hand, and not with the full sack."*

Mr. Keightley's "Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton" is the exact opposite of Mr. Masson's. In its pages the poet and his writings are in sole and single possession of the foreground, his times being scarcely glanced at, his friends but incidentally mentioned. Yet for the purpose of a general introduction to Milton's works the volume is well calculated. There is nothing superfluous in it, nor is any thing important to be known omitted. Mr. Keightley's remarks on the poet's opinions upon religion, philosophy, government, and education, are brief, yet pregnant with knowledge. His merits as an editor of the poems are not less conspicuous. He has not overlaid the text with parallel passages like Wharton, nor, like Todd, thought it necessary to explain what admitted of no doubt. The rich mosaic of Miltonic verse, indeed requires some elucidation from classic, Italian, or native sources; but Mr. Keightley has contented himself with furnishing in most instances the germ of the phrase, the metaphor, or the image, and forborne to trace its successive phrases from Homer and the Bible to Sylvester and Fletcher. "Duplex libelli dos est" when it thus accomplishes a purpose amply yet briefly, and Mr. Keightley has unquestionably given us one of the most elegant and useful library editions of our great poet.†

It is with Mr. Masson, however, rather

* Τῇ χειρὶ δὲ αὐτοῦ οὐκ ἐπείρεται, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὅλως τῷ θυλάκῳ. Plutarch, *De Glor. Athen.* § 14.

† We avail ourselves of this opportunity to call attention to a very meritorious and carefully executed work, "A Complete Concordance to the Poetical Works of Milton," by Mr. Guy Lushington Prendergast, of Madras Civil Service, printed and published at Madras.

than with Mr. Keightley, that we propose dealing in the following pages. It would be next to impossible to abridge the one, it may be practical to condense the other, of these writers. Mr. Masson's scheme imposes upon us the necessity of examining the *Times* as well as the *Man*; and we shall endeavor to select such features of the age as seem best adapted to throw light upon the character of the poet.

We shall, in the first place, notice what appear to us current mistakes as regards the Puritans generally and Milton in particular. It is too commonly assumed that *they* were, without exception, sour, splenetic, or fierce enthusiasts, and that *he* was of the strictest sort among them, a Pharisee of the Pharisees. We believe both these opinions to be unsupported by facts, and to rest, in great measure upon a confusion of times and persons. To the Puritans have been ascribed many of the extravagances of other sectaries of the time, among whom the only feature in common was aversion to the ritual of the Church of England, as it was expounded and enforced by Laud and the high Arminian divines. We look with reverted eyes upon this sober and serious order of men. We view them through the partial sketches of Clarendon, through the distorting glass of Hudibras, or through their own acts and writings, after their passions had been roused by oppression, or inflamed by victory. We ascribe to them in the mass, the wild dreams of the Fifth-Monarchy men, the root-and-branch work of the Independents, the hallucinations of the younger Vane and George Fox, the bitterness of Prynne, and the peevishness of Sir Simond D'Ewes. All their elders, viewed through this medium, are as Zeal-in-the-land-Busy; all their soldiers as Corporal Have-the-grace-Hold-fast; all their preachers as Hugh Peters; and all their lawyers and parliament men stuff their briefs with texts from Scripture, or commence their speeches with exhortations to be yet more earnest in prayer. It is made a crime to them that they shut up the playhouses; but the dramas which they prohibited would be equally excluded from the stage at the present moment. They are charged with thrusting their lecturers into the pulpits of the authorized clergy; but it was not till the pulpit had long been inculcating the duty of passive obedience, or teaching that the ceremonies of religion were of equal worth with the substance of the Gospel. They broke church windows and tore down the carved work of the sanctuary; but they did so under a not unreasonable dread of the spectre of Romanism which sat at the council table with Laud, or displayed itself in the queen's chapel at

Whitehall. Yet to all who read "Lucy Hutchinson's Memoirs," it will be plain that the common portraiture is incorrect; that the Puritans, as a body, disdained neither learning nor the arts; and that if, in comparison with the court party, they wore a grave aspect and adopted a sober tone in their conversation, they were not averse, in their domestic and social circles, to cheerfulness, or to such pursuits and accomplishments as elevate and refine the heart and understanding. Even in the comparatively trifling concern of dress they have been much misrepresented. Doubtless among the Puritans of the seventeenth century there were many persons who cropped their hair close, wore narrow neck-bands, abjured clean linen, and interlarded their discourse on the weather, the markets, and the crops, with phrases culled from the Old Testament. Nor has this fashion died out in the nineteenth century. Many worthy people still imagine that there are forms of godliness becoming their Christian profession. They wear garments that excite the wonder or mirth of the profane, they subscribe to the *Record*, they distribute tracts, they regard Dr. Cumming or Dr. McNeile as scarcely inferior to Paul and Barnabas, and they devoutly wish that every member of parliament were a Spooner or a Newdegate. But it would be as incorrect to describe the present age as one of peculiar straitness in religion, as it is to impute to the Puritanism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a universal spirit of gloom and asceticism. On the contrary, we are persuaded that if into any circle of respectable and intelligent English people in the year 1860 the Cavalier and Puritan of 1630 could be introduced, the former and not the latter would be out of place. A Puritan of the Miltonic stamp, a Sir Thomas Fairfax or a Colonel Hutchinson, would without much difficulty adopt the tone of modern English manners. He would meet with country gentlemen versed in agriculture and law,—pursuits which he in his former life had left to his bailiff and attorney; and English maidens and matrons skilled in arts formerly reserved for musicians and painters by profession. Substantially, however, he would recognize progress rather than diversity. He would see religion affecting intimately, yet without ostentation, our daily life. He would mark its influence in the well-ordered households, in the decent cheerfulness of conversation, in care for the poor and ignorant, and in those numerous charities which provide for the infirm and aged or for the conversion of heathen lands. He would soon cease to be a stranger among his own posterity, and might fairly ascribe the germs of the im-

provement he beheld on all sides to that leaven of sage, grave men who in the seventeenth century redeemed their time from the general levity or profligacy of the Cavaliers.

Thomas Warton remarks, in his notes to "*Il Penseroso*," that "no man was ever so disqualified to turn Puritan as Milton," arguing that his sense of the beautiful and his love for literature were inconsistent with the crabbed and sour temper of a sectarian. Warton clearly imagined that all who opposed Charles in the State and Laud in the Church were eaten up with the zeal of Amínadab Holdfast, talked through their noses, and abominated Maypoles and mince-pies. But could he have looked into the house of the elder John Milton, at the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, he might have seen cause to change his opinion. In no respect did it materially differ from hundreds of sober and well-ordered English households in the present day. Literature was cherished there; music was one of the favorite recreations of its inmates; nor, if Milton the younger may be admitted in evidence, was even the theatre under ban. He alludes in his "*Allegro*" to the stage as a lawful amusement for the cheerful man; and in his sonnets he is not averse to the pleasures of the table, or to such "mirth as after no repenting draws." In the masques of "*Arcades*" and "*Comus*" he sealed with approbation one of the most popular entertainments of the time; and there is ample evidence in his poems of familiarity with the writings of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Massinger. That his father and the friends of the house took a lively interest in politics there is no reason to doubt; Englishmen, fortunately for their liberties, have been never indifferent to the measures of government or the strife of parties. That there was much in the aspect of public affairs, during the poet's boyhood and early manhood, likely to cast a deep and warrantable gloom over all reflecting men, is equally certain; nor would their spirits be raised by the events which followed the calling of the Long Parliament, or by the war which divided their native land into two hostile camps. But should we accuse our own contemporaries of an undue seriousness, were it possible that the crown and hierarchy could now play again the game of Charles and Laud; could fine, imprison, or mutilate at their pleasure; could displace the judges, suspend municipal charters, curb or silence the press, and levy taxes without consent of the House of Commons? The Miltons, and all who held dear the freedom of the people of England, had cause enough for sadness at a time when year by year went by without a parliament being summoned; when the Star Chamber yawned

for all who murmured at the government or refused to comply with loans and benevolences; when every month revealed a fresh encroachment on their liberties; when every house was liable to inquisitorial visits from the pursuivants of the High Commission Court; when the Earl Marshal's Court and the Court of Wards could at any moment dispose of their property or their children; when Eliot lay dying in prison; and when the pillory, the shears, and the branding-iron were almost as often in request as the lictor's rods and axes when Sulla, Cinna, or Carbo sat in the curule chairs of Rome. So nearly had Charles at one time succeeded in taming the spirit of old and haughty England, that wise, grave men might justly inquire, with the expiring Brutus, whether virtue were but a phantasm and liberty but a name.

Had Milton been merely the foremost poet of his age we might very probably have known little more of him than we know of Shakespeare; but the part which he took in the controversies of his time often imposed upon him the duties of self-vindication, and in these defensive passages he becomes, to a certain extent, his own biographer. Mr. Masson has very properly made use of his Latin poems as documents of the poet's early life; but we are at a loss to conceive his motives for translating these exquisite samples of scholarship into dull, and not always very accurate, English prose. Neither Cowper, Hayley, nor Symonds have been very happy in their metrical versions of the "*Epistolæ ad Patrem*," "*ad Mansum*," or the "*Epitaphium Damonis*;" but their couplets are more readable than Mr. Masson's bald "doings into English." We learn, however, from them much that interests us to know of the poet's early life. He reversed the usual lot of the powers and principalities of literature, who have usually struggled through the first generation of their lives, and then surveyed from a secure height the troubled waters which they have passed through. Whereas, until his thirty-second year, Milton may be said to have walked beside the waters of comfort with little to thwart or annoy him. Of Sara, his mother, we could desire to know more than her maiden name, and the dates of her death and burial. Like the mothers of so many other illustrious men, she may have contributed to mould the character and tastes of her son. Meanwhile, we do know, on very sufficient evidence, that John Milton the elder early infused into his boy the love and knowledge of music; and though, judging from the sample given by Mr. Masson of his verses, not even shepherds would have called the good scrivener a poet, yet there is no doubt that he loved verse espe-

cially when his son displayed such ability in making it. Probably he saw in the early promise of his son the means for restoring his family to its former social position. He had himself been disinherited for his Protestantism, by a rigidly Catholic father; and the boy scholar, who devoted to learning his nights as well as days, might one day inscribe his name among the judges or bishops of the land. His hopes were both realized and disappointed. His elder son climbed neither bench nor woolsack; but earned a name more imperishable than either mitre or seals confer. His younger son, though apparently a commonplace person enough, attained the dignity of judge. All that is recorded of the parental and filial relations in the house in Bread Street wears a pleasant aspect—high thoughts, plain living, authority tempered with kindness, reverence softened by love. The scrivener had raised himself from poverty to independence, yet he did not insist upon his studious and scholarly son's devoting himself to the law; and seems to have acquiesced with unusual patience in his declining, in mature age, to enter the Church, although preferment was thus "at two entrances quite shut out."—Ovid, Petrarch, and Tasso had less judicious or less lenient parents, and were condemned to long and painful struggles between the duty of studying the jurists and the inclination to write verses. Perhaps also, when the time approached for taking orders, the elder Milton may have participated in his son's aversion from the Church. The rent in the garment of the established clergy was yearly growing wider. Calvinism was becoming more bitter: Arminianism more arrogant. On the one side was poverty, with a fair chance of pillory and fine; on the other, preferment to be won by abjuring the doctrines of the reformers, even of those who, in the eyes of the Puritans, had "kept the faith so pure of old." The discreet father may accordingly have desired his son neither to risk the consequences of maintaining the doctrines of Geneva and the synod of Dort, nor to win pre-eminence with Montagu and Mainwaring, by complying with the service-book and ceremonial promulgated at Lambeth. The undulations of the earthquake were beginning to make themselves felt; and observant men could perceive that either England must cease to be the home of civil and religious freedom, or that the crown and mitre must be shorn of some of their dangerous and encroaching pretensions. Milton did not possess the quiet soul of George Herbert, to whom, after a few uneasy years of attendance in great men's antechambers, the care of a parish was a land of Goshen; neither perhaps

had he the discretion of his tutor Thomas Young, who held his vicarage at Stowmarket, and preached without gown or bands, even though his diocesan enforced the rule of Canterbury. If we may infer from his doctrines as a layman what his sermons would have been as a clergyman, we may esteem Milton fortunate in eschewing the imposition of hands.

With a zeal and industry which we cannot sufficiently commend, Mr. Masson has not only availed himself of the biographical stores collected by his predecessors, but imparted to them an aspect of novelty by his skilful re-arrangement. He has also interwoven into his narrative a few hitherto undiscovered or unemployed anecdotes of Milton, that leave us little to desire in our acquaintance with him from the time when he lisped in numbers to the time when he began to plead the cause of secular and spiritual liberty. The portraiture of the household in Bread Street, is, in some respects, a fancy sketch, but it is also a probable one, and we have no objection occasionally to "dally with such surmises," and "so interpose a little ease" among the heavier portions of his story. The house in which Milton was born, was destroyed by the great fire of 1666. Enough of old London, however, remained after that calamity, whether in substance or effigy, to warrant us in the belief that the Miltonic Lares were contained in "an edifice of wood and plaster, with its gable-end towards the street." Bread Street then, as now, stood in the very heart of Cockaigne, and Milton, like Chaucer and Spenser, was by birth "a Londoner of the innermost circle." But the population of London did not in the earlier half of the seventeenth century exceed 150,000 souls; and there is, perhaps, at this moment, more trade and traffic in Oxford Street or the Strand than there was in the whole capital two centuries ago. The city itself, too, when Milton first took his walks abroad in its streets, was less spacious than at present, but infinitely more picturesque. Its merchant princes then were content to abide in dwellings now abandoned to a few porters and clerks, and though they would not be accounted inconvenient, those "old great houses" had a substantial comfort and magnificence of their own. Their groined ceilings, their panelled wainscot, their carved chimney-pieces, and inlaid floors bespoke a liberal taste in their owners. Nor were "the rich movables" of their interiors unworthy of the quaint forms of the outer shell. Many a choice work of Cellini's graced the sideboards and beaufets of the London Greshams; and the Dutch, Italian, and Spanish schools of art found a ready sale in the English mart.

"*Regis ad exemplar*,"—for Charles was a bountiful patron as well as an excellent judge of art—the Levantine merchants of the English capital possessed or affected the liberal tastes of the Barneveldts and the Medici. And in those days a child born under the very belfry of Bow church was not necessarily "pent in the populous city." Within a mile from the realm of Cheap, "where the mercers and goldsmiths had their shops," from the still fresh-looking exchange of Gresham, or from old St. Paul's,—not then, as now, almost a solitude during two-thirds of the day, but echoing from morn to eve with the footsteps of courtiers, wits, merchants, lawyers, and bullies—the open country might be reached, and the senses refreshed and re-invigorated among streams still unpolluted, and woods and meadows as yet unprofaned by buildings or "Building Land Societies." If Milton's "lines" in his boyhood were not "set in such pleasant places" as a Warwickshire village,—if he could not wander beside the Avon, or watch the rooks return to their umbrageous home in Charlecot Park,—neither was he altogether a stranger to rural sights or sounds.

Mr. Masson's picture of the interior of the house in Bread Street, though a little fanciful, is well conceived. He says, -

"It was a warm and happy home. Peace, comfort, and industry reign within it. During the day the scrivener is busy with his apprentices and clients; but in the evening the family are gathered together, the father on one side, the mother on the other, the eldest girl and her brother John seated near, and little Kit lying on the hearth. A grave Puritanic piety was then the order in the households of most of the respectable citizens of London; and in John Milton's house there was more than usual of the accompanying affection for Puritanic habits and modes of thought. Religious reading and devout exercises would be part of the regular life of the family; and thus a disposition towards the serious, a regard for religion as the chief concern in life, and a dutiful love of the parents who so taught him, would be cultivated in Milton from his earliest years."

"But the scrivener, though a serious man, was also a man of liberal culture," says Aubrey; and his grandson Phillips, who recollected him personally, says, that while prudent in business, he did not so far quit his generous and ingenious inclinations as to make "himself wholly a slave to the world." His acquaintance with literature was that of a man who has been some time at college. But his special faculty was music. Even as an amateur he was highly distinguished, and his name is associated in a collection of madrigals, published in 1601, with the names of twenty of the first English composers of the time. An organ and other instruments were

part of the furniture in the house in Bread Street, and much of his spare time was given to musical study. According to Aubrey, the younger Milton was, from a very early period, taught music, and became an accomplished organist, and perhaps sang almost as soon as he could speak. In his "Tractate on Education" he recommends that the interims between study and gymnastic exercises be employed "in recreating and composing the travailed spirits" of schoolboys "with the solemn or divine harmonies of music heard or learned;" and he had himself experienced the effects which he ascribes to the lute, organ, and "elegant voice," in "smoothing dispositions and manners, and making them gentle from rustic harshness and distempered passions." The traces of this portion of his home education are inscribed on his poetry. "Other writers," says an excellent living judge of the art which he has so long adorned, the present Gresham professor of music, Mr. Edward Taylor, "ancient or modern, in prose or in poetry, rarely speak of music without betraying their ignorance of it. They deal in vague generalities, or if they attempt anything more, blunder. Milton, whenever he speaks of music, and how often does the divine art present itself to his mind! is always strictly technically correct." At what period of boyhood his acquaintance with Henry Lawes began we are not told; but in January, 1625, when Milton was in his seventeenth year, Lawes was attached to the Chapel Royal, and we may believe that similarity of pursuits attracted him to the Spread Eagle in Bread Street. If he introduced, as is alleged, the Italian style of music into England, he may have infused a new spirit into the severer harmonies and simple madrigals of the household, and linked yet more firmly Milton's predilection for the language and the arts of Florence.

Mr. Masson has shown good reasons for believing that literature, no less than music, was welcomed in the Miltonic parlor. One poet he has traced to its sober, but cheerful precincts, and perhaps a publisher as well. The poet, indeed, remains utterly unknown to this day, except to such pursuers of obsolete literature as Mr. Masson: nor, if we may judge from the sample of his verse or the subjects and titles of his manuscripts, should we recommend publishers to disturb their repose in the British Museum or Ashmolean at Oxford. Yet John Lane, "a fine old Queen Elizabeth gentleman," as Milton's nephew Phillips describes him, may have impressed with reverence the soul of the infant poet. Lane seems to have held himself in good esteem, since he wrote a continuation of the "Story of Cambuscan bold;"

and may have not been disinclined to read aloud occasionally passages from his "Guy, Earl of Warwick," a continuation of Lydgate's Metrical Romance, or from his "Triton's Trumpet to the Twelve Months, husbanded and moralized."

Milton's father was too wise a man to deprive his son of the advantages of a public school, when they could be had without danger to his morals. At first he had put him under the charge of Thomas Young, a learned and pious clergyman, who, though he preached high Calvinism, and approved of the doctrines of Augustine, that *durus pater infantum*, inspired his pupil with a sincere affection. Retaining, however, Thomas Young as a private tutor, he sent his docile and promising John to the school of St. Paul's, which was at no great distance from Bread Street, and was then in high repute under the presidency of Alexander Gill the elder. The elder, we mark him, because one of his ushers was his son of the same name—Alexander ab Alexandro, like Baron Bradwardine's chief butler—and Gill the younger, after being the instructor, became in due time the friend of the poet. And thus was combined in Milton's case the discipline of school with the vigilance of home; and the union of them deserves to be reckoned among the happy circumstances of his life. To grave and studious lads—and Milton we know from his own testimony to have been both—the boisterous and inconsiderate mirth of their idler playmates is no mean affliction. Cowper's spirit was nearly broken at the time, and long afterwards seriously affected, by the sufferings he endured at his first school. Gibbon and Gray have put on record their disinclination to cricket and foot-ball, nor can we imagine that they were at first permitted, without much bullying and contradiction, to indulge their tastes for quiet walks, with Virgil or Livy for their companion. But Milton, to all appearance, inherited few or none of the ills which schoolboy flesh is heir to; and passed quietly from his desk in Dean Colet's hall to Thomas Young's lodging, or to his accustomed corner in the family parlor. Aubrey supports the testimony which Milton, in his "Defensio Secunda," bore to his own early diligence in the following words: "When Milton went to school he studied very hard and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock, and his father ordered the maid to sit up for him." For this and many like treasures of literary gossip we account Aubrey, despite his love for ghosts and wonderful accidents, among the benefactors of mankind.

The course of study followed at St. Paul's school in 1620, did not differ materially from that which is still maintained in it; though

there can be no question that Dr. Kynaston is an infinitely better Greek scholar than Dr. Gill with his imperfect means and appliances can have been. At the time when Milton was construing Homer or Thucydides, there were not in all England twenty eminent Grecians: and of the twenty not one, perhaps, could have produced such a copy of iambs as now yearly obtains the Porson prize. Indeed, in spite of all we hear of the Greek studies of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, of Lucius Carey and Sir Henry Savile, we may be sure that their knowledge was comparatively sound only; the texts of the authors whom they studied were corrupt; their grammars and lexicons were erroneous and defective; and their instructors were born long before philology had explored the recesses of the most subtle and copious of tongues. Latin on the other hand, had been in the preceding century cultivated with signal success by the great race of Italian scholars, and enjoyed the further privilege of being still, as the language of diplomacy and the learned, a living dialect. Since Colet's time, a great advance had been made in this branch of classical instruction. Sedulius, and writers of the brazen and iron periods of Roman literature, had been exchanged for the authentic models of the Augustan age; and Virgil, Sallust, Horace, and Livy were expounded by Dr. Gill, and translated by his pupils, with a precision little inferior to that which has so long done honor to Eton or Harrow. Lilly's grammar, indeed, pertained to this school by a double right; it had been composed for it originally; it was ordered to be used in it and in all other seminaries of sound learning and religious instruction by Henry VIII., who resolved that there should be, so far as in him lay, one faith and one grammar throughout his dominions. It was by no means one of Henry's worst deeds or fancies. Lilly's grammar will put a great deal of sound latinity into the youthful mind, and once planted in the virgin soil, its rules will, by reason of their quaint verses, stick to it like a burr.

But Milton's studies were not confined to the ancient tongues. There is evidence that in his boyhood he was a diligent reader of English books; and from the following lines in his "Epistola ad Patrem" we learn that he had made some progress in French, Italian, and Hebrew:—

"Tuo, pater optime, sumpta
Cum mihi Romulæ patuit facundia lingue,
Et Latii veneres, et qua Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasiisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus vocæ tumultus;
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates."

Until a few years back it was a matter of just reproach to our public schools, that it was nearly impossible for the tyro at them to obtain any knowledge of the languages which Dante and Machiavelli, Bossuet and Voltaire, had raised almost to classical dignity, and which are more frequently required in after life than the dialects of Athens and Rome. It is still a subject of regret that, with very few exceptions, instruction in the modern tongues at a period of life when they are most easily acquired is very unsatisfactory, and that, not forming part of the school-course, they are taught rather in name than in deed. In the seventeenth century well-educated persons of either sex were usually conversant with at least French and Italian, and often with Spanish also. Our ancestors at that period cherished none of those ignorant and absurd prejudices against foreigners, their speech, manners, or literature, which prevailed a century later. Even the Puritans, at least the more enlightened among them, staunch Englishmen as they were, did not believe, as most honest country gentlemen did in George the Third's reign, that French was fit only for hair-dressers, and Italian only for singers. Colonel Hutchinson was an accomplished modern linguist, and Marvel and Harrington spoke and wrote both of these languages. The elder Milton accordingly, in procuring for his son these liberal accomplishments, did not depart from the practice, or offend the prejudices, of his sect. The seed in this instance fell on good ground. Though Milton occasionally seems to depreciate the Italian in comparison with the Roman tongue, he became profoundly versed in it. He was consulted on its intricacies by Buommatei, when engaged in composing his grammar; he wrote sonnets in it, which, though purists detect in them some Transalpine improprieties, prove an unusual command of its resources: his greater poems are full of echoes from Ariosto, Tasso, and even Marini, and the *sci-centisti*; his sonnet to Henry Lawes contains a charming allusion to Dante; and he has paid ample homage to the sweet Florentine idiom in his letters and prose works.

Milton's early reading in his native literature has often been discussed, nor will it be necessary for us to expatiate upon his intimacy with Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, or to point out his frequent obligations to Ben Jonson, and the "ter numeranda domus" of the poetical Fletchers. Mr. Masson observes that, "if we strike off from the body of English literature as it now presents itself to us, all that portion of it which has been added during the last two centuries and a quarter, that which

would remain as the total literature of England at the time when Milton began to take a retrospect of it, would by no means alarm by its bulk." We know not what Mr. Masson's notions of *bulk* in literature may be, but if he means us to understand that the school-boy perused Elizabethan authors generally, to say nothing of their predecessors in the reigns of Edward the Third and Henry the Eighth, he makes a demand on our belief that we are not prepared to answer. We suspect that Milton's English reading was confined to the poets, and that some of these were not permitted to cross the threshold of the Spread Eagle. Less scrupulous parents than the elder Milton was, would demur to a lad under seventeen years of age reading many portions of Donne, and even of Spenser, and the "well languaged Daniel;" nor can we imagine that the plays of Middleton, Ford, Decker, and Webster were indiscriminately put into Master John's hands. Again, though it may have been that "theological books of which we now know little or nothing, would be in high esteem in a Puritan family," yet we cannot believe that such champions of the Church as Bishop Andrewes or Jewell, found much favor there: or that Hooker's great work, or the writings of Lord Bacon, can have proved attractive even to so studious a stripling. It is more important to observe that he was almost entirely debarred from a class of books, which have subsequently become the delight of all youthful readers. As yet, there was no Robinson Crusoe or Vicar of Wakefield: no Goldsmith had drawn up popular abridgments of Greek or Roman story: Bunyan had not then dreamed of Christian's Pilgrimage to the celestial city, nor a Bishop collected those reliques of ancient poetry, which to an ear like Milton's would have sounded with trumpet-tones. For his imaginative appetite he was therefore dependent on such solid meat as Spenser, Sydney, Du Bartas, and the Tasso of Fairfax supplied: and perhaps he may have been a gainer by this comparatively spare diet, since we are persuaded that nothing so effectually deadens the imagination of children as the generality of books, which in our days are written especially for their use.

The trophies of the schoolboy are seldom remembered long after they are won, but the "juvenilia" of Milton, and perhaps of Cowley, are still occasionally read with pleasure. Milton, according to Aubrey, had been a poet from the age of ten. Of his boyish preludes in versification, however, only two remain, being approved by his maturer judgment, and published by him in later life with the intimation that they were written when he was "fifteen years old," i. e. in

1624, his last year at St. Paul's School. His master, Gill, was an accomplished English as well as Latin scholar, and seems to have early directed his pupil's attention to the pure and undefiled source of his native tongue. In an appendix to his "Logonomia Anglica," he exemplifies the tropes and figures of speech by citations from Spenser and Samuel Daniel, and in his chapter on "Prosody" shows his familiarity with Chaucer. Under such an instructor it is not surprising that the earliest known samples of Milton's verse should be in his native language. More than fifty years afterwards John Dryden gave to our ten syllable measure its true compactness and resonance; and although Pope rendered its harmony more exact, he also made it, at least in his moral poems, more monotonous. But in Milton's sixteenth year there was scarcely any model extant of this noble, and now almost obsolete metre. Spenser wrote a short poem or two in it with success, but he employed it only on elegiac or satirical topics, and reserved for his chivalrous poem the stanza which bears his name. Shakspeare takes short flights only in the heroic measure, long enough, indeed, to show that had it suited his purpose neither Dryden nor Pope would have needed to improve or organize its structure; whereas Ben Jonson, who employed it liberally in his "Underwoods and Epigrams," is a "mere cobbler in respect of a fine workman" in the ten syllable line. He seldom writes four good verses consecutively; and though they betray labor, they are not to be read with ease. Milton's paraphrase of the 114th Psalm displays extraordinary skill, especially when the age of the writer is considered, in an art then infant, and goes far to disprove Pope's remark that "he would have written 'Paradise Lost' in rhyme—if he could." He was much more successful, however, in his octo-syllabic version of the 136th Psalm. Here we have plainly Hermes exulting in his new invented toy, the tortoiseshell lyre. The commentators who have traced the ample stream of Miltonic verse to its sources, find in these paraphrases rhymes, images, and turns of expression taken from Spenser, Sylvester, Drayton, Chaucer, Fairfax, and Buchanan. But the feeders of the Orinoco and the Amazon are themselves considerable rivers; and the boy-poet's adoption of the diction of his sires or brethren in the craft, displays, at so early an age, unusual reading, a manly, if not a mature judgment, and an ear exquisitely alive to the melodies of his native tongue.

Gibbon describes himself as taking with him to Oxford "a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would

have been ashamed." Milton probably had nothing to be ashamed of on the one score, and much to boast of on the other, when he went to Christ's College, Cambridge. His diligence had been exemplary, his advantages great, and the foundations of his grave and meditative yet aspiring character, were not less solid than those of his learning and liberal arts. In his controversial writings he often has occasion to defend his youthful life and conversation, because they were often assailed. In all cases, whether it were his university career, or his deportment, and associates during his travels, he loftily maintains the purity of his life, and calmly challenges inquiry. No speck of self-indulgence, much less of vice or folly, tarnished the brightness of his shield, and that too at an epoch when license in speech and manners was scarcely accounted a blemish in the young. Grave, perhaps, austere, he may have been, and indisposed to suffer even his superiors in age or office to dictate to him his walk in life. He had been bred up in a household from whence levity was apparently banished, and his father, like the elder Horace, may very likely have warned him against the foibles or faults of the learned, by pointing out to him how ill drunkenness became Ben Jonson, and the evil lives of many of the poets, players, scholars, and barristers, who were sealed of the tribe of Ben at the Mermaid Tavern.

We shall not revert to the old and exploded tales of Milton's misconduct at the University. Mr. Masson has very satisfactorily disproved the flogging, and rendered the rustication more than doubtful, inasmuch as Milton took his Bachelor's degree at the usual time after matriculation. That as a freshman or junior soph he and the college authorities were at variance, and that they may have marked their displeasure in some way, according to the statutes made and provided, there is good reason to suppose; but we shall lose ourselves in vain conjectures if we attempt to discover what it was they resented: whether his reluctance to forego his wider range of study for the established *trivium* or *quadrivium* of the University, or whether his own puritanism or that of his father's household were offensive to orthodox nostrils. Whatever the cause of offence, it was not of long duration. It was soon discovered that the Pauline Scholar conferred honor on his college, and though he might at times avow his contempt of the lecturer or attend chapel less frequently than was required of him, yet his Latin infused a new life into the prescribed exercises, and on solemn occasions in the University-schools redounded to the credit of the Master and Fellows. Mr. Masson affords us a very learned

and lively sketch of what was then considered sound learning at Cambridge. If the monks of the Cam were "not steeped in prejudice and port," they were still in the bondage of mediæval superstition; and while they admitted as little literature as possible through the loopholes of their retreat, they totally excluded science. This, indeed, was the misfortune of the times more than the fault of the men. Bacon, if his writings were known to them at all, must have been regarded as a rash and profane innovator on the realm of Scotus and Aquinas; Kepler and Copernicus were deemed little better than dreamers; and those only were accounted worthy of the name of learned who could maintain some crabbed thesis from the *Summa Sententiarum*, reckon up the dates, laws, and by-laws of the Councils of the Church, prove that Rome was the scarlet woman, or that Augustine and Cyril knew more than either Paul or James of the counsel of God. What Milton himself thought in later life of patristic theology and scholastic learning we know; and we may easily suppose that his indifference or aversion to them, when weighed in the balance against the pure milk or strong meat of the Gospels and Epistles, was already germinating, and may even have led him to the avowal of opinions that shocked Dr. Thomas Bainbrigg, then Master, and Mr. William Chappell, then Tutor of Christ's College. So far as the curtain which conceals the college life of Milton can be raised, it has been uplifted by Mr. Masson. He has introduced all his remarkable contemporaries at Cambridge, and some who scarcely merit the pains bestowed upon them. Scanty indeed is the harvest which this diligent collector of trifles hitherto inconsidered has been able to garner. Of Milton's personal beauty there is a constant tradition. He was called the "Lady of his College," but the name implies any thing rather than effeminacy. He has himself told us that, as a youth, he was expert in manly exercises, deeming himself a match for any one with the sword, which he daily practised; and from his epitaph on Hobson, London and Cambridge carrier and livery-stable keeper, we may infer that he occasionally rode on horseback. We are informed also by very credible tradition that "his deportment was affable, his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." As respects the character of his beauty, Aubrey comes once more to our aid. "He was scarce so tall as I am," to which lucid information he obligingly adds in a marginal note, "*Qu. Quot feet am I high?*" "*Resp. Of middle stature.*" So we must assume—*οὐκ ἦν βορρὴν εἶς*—that Milton was a little under middle height.—

"He had light auburn hair," continues our invaluable gossip; "his complexion exceedingly fair" (Milton speaks of himself as ruddy;) "oval face; his eye a dark gray." Of the blending in his countenance of feminine beauty with manly dignity, "we have some means," says his latest biographer, "of judging for ourselves in a yet extant portrait of him, taken while he was still at Cambridge," and forming a pendant to the picture of him (supposed to be by Cornelius Jansen) "when a boy of ten." Of these portraits the authenticity "seems positively guaranteed," and the earlier of them contains the promise of that peculiar beauty which the latter one represents as fulfilled. A more perfect emblem of pure and ingenious English youth than the portrait of Milton at College there can scarcely be; nor was the original likely to undervalue such external graces as Providence endowed him with. In all his poems and in much of his prose are frequent and earnest yearnings for the *τὸ καλόν*—physical no less than moral perfection. Even his fallen angels retain traces of their original beauty, while every good and every perfect gift of the Creator is arrayed by him in the liveliest colors and delineated with the loftiest and most varied eloquence. Milton, indeed, was too sound a Platonist to be indifferent to either personal or intellectual beauty. Like his master, "the sage and serious Spenser," he deemed the former a fitting casket for the enshrined jewel.

"For every spirit as it is more pure
And hain in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take:
For soul is form and doth the body make."

It is perhaps an inevitable, but it is not therefore the less a serious disadvantage in university life, that there is so wide a gulf between its generations. Masters, fellows, and tutors are seldom brought in contact with undergraduates, except in the way of instruction, reproof or correction. They meet in chapel, hall, and lecture-room, but their intercourse seldom extends beyond these official places of common resort; and many a youth quits college forever without having exchanged three words in as many years with those who have had him under their charge. Yet could this interval be bridged over by occasional society, we are persuaded that authority would suffer little, and obedience would gain much. Much as the wisdom of age can impart, the sallies of youth can also teach something in turn; nor have the Athenians bequeathed to posterity a more instructive lesson than that which is

conveyed in the familiar converse of Socrates with the young men of his time. While Milton was keeping his terms at Christ's College, there was at least one among its fellows who might, but for the difference of their ages, have reconciled him earlier to discipline and in requital have benefited by the converse of the thoughtful and learned youth. Joseph Mede, when Milton came to reside at Cambridge, was in his forty-ninth year, and accordingly, to an undergraduate of seventeen, must have appeared as one well stricken in years. He had been twenty-three years an inmate of the college, whose quiet and opportunities for study he loved so well that no offers of preferment—not even Archbishop Usher's offer of the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin—could lure him from his Fellow's chambers or as he himself called them "his cell." He was a scholar, a ripe and good one, and his studies had extended far beyond the university pale. One of his biographers, quoted by Mr. Masson, says that Mede was "known in the University as an acute logician, an accurate philosopher, a skilful mathematician, an excellent anatomist, a great philologist, a master of many languages, and a good proficient in the studies of history and chronology." Like many imaginative men, he delighted in searching the darker places of Scripture, and his "*Clavis Apocalyptica*" is still in high repute with all who believe that the book of Revelation is a perpetually unfolding scroll inscribed with the destinies of nations or their rulers, even to the last syllable of recorded time. But although Mede had long been settled in his faith in 1625, he had at one time been troubled by sceptical doubts, and his method of instruction bore a close resemblance to the negative process of the Platonic Socrates. With his pupils his mornings were devoted to positive instructions in "Humanity, Logic, and Philosophy;" but in the evenings they all came to his chambers to be examined conversationally in what they had read during the day. The first question which he then used to propound to them, each in his order, was "*Quid dubitas?*" thinking rightly that "granters of propositions" understand little of the matter proposed. He then resolved their doubts, and dismissed them to their lodgings, "previously recommending them and their studies to God's protection and blessing." Nor were these all Mede's gifts. He was an active botanist—his recreation being walking in the fields around Cambridge, and examining and discoursing about the herbs, flowers, and trees, native or adopted, in that region of chalk, clay, and marsh. And besides all this, Mede was a diligent letter-writer, an indefatigable collector of news, and in fact an arrant gossip.

His epistles, some printed by Sir Henry Ellis, others published by Mr. Masson for the first time, and others still in manuscript, contain most graphic accounts of men and things during the reign of James I., and until the thirteenth year (1638) of that of Charles. "When to all these recommendations," says Mr. Masson, "we add that Mede was a very benevolent man, with a kind word for all the young scholars, not even excepting the dandy Fellow-commoners, whom he called the 'University tulips,' it may be imagined how popular he was, and what a blank was caused in Cambridge by his death."

It would be pleasant to know that this learned and agile-minded senior had asked Milton "*quid dubitas?*" had shown him the orchidæ in Maddingley meadows, had discussed with him the merits of Ben Jonson's "*Sejanus*," or "*Bacon's Advancement of Learning*," or commented on the Vision of him who in Patmos saw the Apocalypse and heard the warning voice."

When Milton quitted Cambridge in 1632, he was twenty-three years and eight months old. He had gone thither with the intention of taking orders, but before he wrote himself Master of Arts this purpose was abandoned. The change has usually been ascribed to Puritanism, yet since he thrice subscribed to the religious tests imposed by the university—when he matriculated, and he took his first and second degrees—he can hardly have entertained serious scruples against the doctrines or discipline of the Church of England. The opinions of Milton and the Miltonic household in Bread Street, had little if any thing, in common with what is now termed Dissent. In later life his opinions diverged widely from the Anglican creeds and articles; but with that divergence we have not now to deal. But in 1632, and for some years onward, we apprehend that the Miltons, both sire and son, would have satisfied Archbishop Abbot and those of the clergy who thought with him in their interpretation of the formularies of belief, and in their compliance with the ritual as established by Elizabeth and James. Nor is there any reason for supposing even Episcopacy offensive to them, or that they differed on any material points from what is now called the Low Church party. Puritanism can not therefore have been in 1632 the barrier which excluded Milton from the porch of the sanctuary.

Neither can any tendency to rationalism or neology have been the cause or impediment. Milton differed almost as widely from the freedom of Chillingworth as from the bondage of Laud. He had as little sympathy with the *Frates Poloni* and *Socinus*, as a Margaret Professor with Paulus or Strauss. He would allow liberty of speech and writ-

ing to Biddell and Hobbes on civil grounds; but in spirit he had no communion with Dathan and Abiram. He received the canon of both Testaments without a doubt of their plenary inspiration, nor, Arian though he were, did he consent with Newton or Locke in their views of the creed of Athanasius. The constitution of his mind was nearer akin to faith than doubt: he was a Hebrew in soul; the records of the chosen people were to him one and indivisible, and apart as the heavens from the earth from profane criticism or ordinary exposition. Their sacred songs could not be tried by the canons of Aristotle; the wisdom of their prophets was as far above the wisdom of Plato, as the speculations of the first academy were above the trivial questions of the wordiest sophist.

We must seek, therefore, some external causes for Milton's determination against the Church as a profession. They are to be found in the history of the period between the years 1630 and 1640. In a word, his reluctance and refusal may be more probably ascribed to the Arminian tendencies of the Church, and to the power which Laud and the prelatical party in it for a time exercised and abused.

The ecclesiastical policy of Laud is so fully, and, in our opinion, so fairly, described by Mr. Masson, that we cannot do better than refer the reader to the chapter in which he treats of it. It is only incumbent on us to point out briefly the measures by which Laud opened wider the existing rent in the Church. It had been ever the policy of the first reformers and of the more judicious of their successors, to render the articles and canons as comprehensive as possible; to insist on such ceremonies only as they deemed indispensable for the decency of public worship, and to leave all non-essential points of faith or practice undefined, or at least laxly and ambiguously worded. From this wholesome regimen Elizabeth and her spiritual advisers had seldom departed; and when they did so, they managed to cast a political veil over their spiritual edicts. The Romanists, it was urged, were fined or executed as traitors to the queen's person; the sectaries were sent to gaol as disturbers of the public peace. Her successor, never so happy as when he sat in judgment on questions of words and names, irritated the Puritans on the mint and cummin of difference, yet being in accord with them on the five points of Calvinism, and having done them good service at the synod of Dort, he avoided any serious explosion. In Archbishop Abbot the king possessed an honest and sagacious counsellor, and the Church a steady and moderate pilot. Unfortunately, however, for

both, Abbot's influence was on the decline and Laud's in the ascendant, even before James died; and the balance, which the Lord Keeper Williams could have held evenly, was disturbed by his feud with Buckingham. Laud, therefore, when he took his seat at the privy council table in 1628, found the space for his long-meditated innovations nearly clear. Mr. Masson has carefully furnished us with the statistics of the Anglican Church at this period, and traced the open or the insidious steps by which the restless metropolitan proceeded to exalt the Arminian party and to humble and exclude the Puritans. Whatsoever was most offensive to the latter, whether it were suppression of their favorite doctrines, or encouragement of what they regarded as idle and idolatrous ceremonies, was insisted upon by him. Their Christian liberty must be sacrificed to uniformity in doctrine and discipline; their lecturers were silenced; the livings which their own money had purchased, so that a godly ministry might have bread to eat, were conferred on preachers whom they esteemed as sleeping dogs, if not as ravening wolves. The cross in baptism, the surplice, kneeling at the communion table, the observations of days and meats, and of symbols and gestures in worship, were again enforced. The priesthood was elevated, the elders and body of the congregation were put aside; and though Laud had written and continued to speak against Rome, it was difficult to give him credit for sincerity, or to doubt that Lambeth and the Vatican were soon to blend, or at least to osculate, with each other. Of the harsher features of Laud's ecclesiastical rule, the pillorying, scourging, branding, fining, and banishing of recusants, it is unnecessary to speak; every tyro in history is aware that ears were insecure in those days, and that capital letters were very liberally stamped on the shoulders and foreheads of those who lacked friends or full purses. We may now perhaps safely infer that it was Laudism, and not Puritanism, which determined Milton against taking orders, and by the light of the preceding comment explain the following passage from his pamphlet on "The Reason of Church Government:—"

"The church, to whose service, by the intention of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in mine own resolutions, till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded in the church,—that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either straight perjure or split his faith,—I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing. Howso-

ever, thus church-ousted by the prelates, hence may appear the right I have to meddle in these matters as before the necessity and constraint appeared."

Popular with those who knew him best, learned by universal consent, and versed in arts which his Alma Mater did not cherish, Milton in his twenty-fourth year stood on the threshold of active life with as fair prospects of success in its inevitable battle, as usually present themselves to the graduated scholar. He was even then observed by many observers, but he was not content with his own achievements. The armor in which his spirit would array itself was not yet forged; he would go forth with the gift of Vulcan, or he would yet abide in his tent by the sea-shore. The few essays which he had made in the eloquence of prose or rhyme might have proved him stronger than his fellows; but, as compared with the weapons reserved for him in the tabernacle, they were the shepherd's sling and smooth stones from the brook. Years of studious seclusion, and "a ceaseless round of study and reading," were in his opinion still needed; and here again circumstances seconded his wish. The smoke, the river, even the gains of London, were now abandoned by the aged and weary scrivener; the house in Bread Street was exchanged for a quiet dwelling in the village of Horton, in Buckinghamshire, at whose door no early client knocked, and whose rooms were free from clerks, messengers, and porters. A cloud may at times have passed over the brow of the elder Milton when he contrasted his own busy and lucrative manhood with the studious, and, in one sense, unprofitable leisure of his son. But his faith was firm, his love was strong, and hope deferred did not render his heart sick. In the severe virtues, the incessant studies, and the occasional proofs of power exhibited by his son, the pious father may have discerned the inward promptings of a superior nature, and the secret guiding of a directing Providence. The aged Eli acquiesced in the apparent destiny of his young Samuel, and the poet may but have expressed the thought of his sire when he wrote the line "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Seged, prince of Ethiopia, in Johnson's instructive apologue, signally failed in his project of being perfectly happy for one entire day; and it would be difficult, not to say impossible, for any man, poor or rich, to name, so as to satisfy the curious in felicity, the happiest day, or even week, in his life. For mere content, complacency, or even an unusual degree of pleasurable emotion will not satisfy the conditions of the problem. Extraordinary happiness should have a permanent and communicative character of its

own, so that it shall not merely gild the present hours, but transmit its lustre to the future. If, however, it be asked which was the happiest period in the life of Milton, we have no hesitation in fixing it between the epoch of his quitting Cambridge and that of his return from the Continent. That his school days were unhappy, his delight in his tasks and the fact that he was not severed from his home, forbid us to suppose. But for the full enjoyment of school a temperament like that of Tom Browne is required; and we have every reason to imagine Milton a quiet and studious lad, who, like Gray, read Virgil in his play-hours, and contemplated from a corner of the playground the sports in which he rarely partook. His, therefore, was not the "certaminis ardor" that renders school a delightful retrospect to the mature Nimrods of Leicestershire, or to the hale country gentleman who divides the year between preserving and destroying game. Neither, as we have seen, was his university career without alloy; although he quitted Cambridge with as much honor as the university then bestowed, and his equals and seniors alike regretted his departure, and looked forward to his shedding a yet higher lustre on Christ's College than his exercises, brilliant and promising as they were, had reflected on it. It was probably during this happy interval between enforced studies and public duties that Milton—"procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis—Abductus"—stored up in his memory the innumerable passages from the ancient and Italian classics, as well as from his own "sage and serious Spenser," which he afterwards transfused with such skill and prodigality into "Paradise Lost." Unconsciously, in his earnest pursuit of truth and beauty, at this period, he was laying up for himself treasures that, next to religion, strengthened and cheered his soul in dangers and in darkness. Jeremy Taylor must, about the same time, have been similarly employed in hoarding in his mind that ready and diversified learning with which he embellished the pages of his "Holy Living and Dying," and his "Liberty of Prophecy." For he too, although for a different reason, was long dependent on his recollections, since the flood of civil war swept him away from his library at Up-pingham into the tumult of a camp, and the privations of a poor estate. The banished and the blind scholar alike "omnia secum sua portabant." Of the two, the latter and the more deeply afflicted made the more legitimate use of his hived knowledge. Taylor does not always take the trouble to remind what he had levied; whereas Milton universally sets his own image and super-scription upon what he borrowed from the

coffers of Homer, Virgil, "the Etruscan three," or the lofty grave tragedians of Athens.

"When I expressed my astonishment at the extent of his reading, Mr. Gray replied, 'Why should you be surprised, for I do nothing else.' He said, he knew by experience how much might be done by a person who did not fling away his time on middling and inferior authors, and read with method." Mr. Nichol's account of the mode in which Gray read is scarcely less applicable to Milton at this period of his life. There can be no doubt that he read both *multum* and *multa*, combining accurate scholarship, as his notes on Euripides prove, with that wide circumference of knowledge, which both his prose and rhyme exhibit. The scheme of education which he drew up in later years for Mr. Samuel Hartlib bears all the marks of counsel derived from experience. It provides for scientific no less than literary culture, and if in astronomy Milton adhered to the Ptolemaic system, and knew less than a boarding-school girl at the present time of chemistry or geology, the defect was not his own but his instructors, oral or silent. The fact remains that, in an age when chemists were suspected of alchemy and astronomers usually cast nativities, he recognized the claims of science to be part and parcel of a right institution. The tardiness, we might almost say the coyness, of Milton in publishing his early poetry stands in striking contrast to the haste with which the common herd of writers hurry their crudities to the press. Unless we impute to him a feeble judgment, we cannot fancy him ignorant of the worth of what he had written. He was not indeed dependent on his ink-horn for a livelihood. He did not marry until he had nearly attained middle-life, and as an inmate of his father's house he was exempt from family cares. Yet, even where the brain is not coined for ducats the desire to rush into print may be strong; and the applause of a narrow circle of friends often ministers to immature authorship. That Milton's friends had expressed their surprise at his indifference to fame is plain from the excuses in his letters on this point. He pleads that the path of life was not yet clear before him at a time when most men have chosen their profession, or that he was still forging his armor, at an age when his college mates were already in the heat of the conflict. We suspect, however, that these were only specious pretexts: and the real cause of his long debate with himself upon the question of authorship to have been the high ideal of composition which he had set before him. He entertained a profound sense of the privileges and duties of literature: he had not

attained to his own view of the *ῥὸ πρέπον*: he was nourishing this diffidence by perpetual study of the best authors: and till he felt himself their equal he would keep silent. In such feelings he had few partners; and were his example generally followed, the world had wanted many an idle song, greatly to its own advantage, and the general profit and ease of all who read or review.

"Comus" and the "Arcades," "l'Allegro" and "Penseroso," may be almost said to have slipped idly from Milton's hands into the press, although upon their composition he had bestowed all his usual pains. Not even the plaudits of an audience, or the generally potent influence of rank, beauty, and intelligent sympathy, appear to have hastened the period of gestation with him. The greater of his masques—the most perfect of masques in any language—was originally anonymous: and for three years or more its authorship was a secret, except to Henry Lawes—the attendant spirit in "Comus," and the composer of the music for its songs—and, perhaps, to the Bridgewater family. Yet "Comus," as it is now called, for Milton himself prefixed no such title, was first performed in the great hall or council-chamber of Ludlow Castle, in the presence of the Lord President of the Welsh Marches, of the chief resident councillors of the principality, and of "as many of the rank and fashion of Ludlow and the vicinity" as the hall would hold. Whether the author were present and made his bow to the audience, we have no means of knowing; but it is certain that the success of his piece did not stimulate him to print it immediately. Indeed, in the end, Lawes, and not Milton, published "Comus," with the author's sanction and emendations, on his own account. He had been so often applied to for copies of the songs or of the entire poem, that he found the manuscript a troublesome possession, and rid himself of these importunities forever by printing it in a small quarto pamphlet of thirty-five pages. The history of the Arcades, composed for the amusement of the same noble family, is very similar: the monody of "Lycidas"* was originally printed, or rather buried, in a volume of commemo-

* The editor of the Camden Society volume remarks, that "Fortunate it was for Milton that the censor (of the press) was not sufficiently acute to discover under the allegory of a wolf, the allusion to Archbishop Laud, who in the 'Lycidas,' which was published at this very time [October, 1828], is clearly warned of his approaching fate:—

"Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more;
else he would certainly not have experienced more leniency than his contemporaries."

native verses in Greek, Latin, and English, "To the memorie of Mr. Edward King;" while the "Ode on the Death of a Fair Infant," "The Hymn on the Nativity," and "l'Allegro" and "Penseroso," reposed for years in the author's desk, or were, at most, imparted to a few friends at Horton, or during Milton's occasional visits to London.

Yet to all who were permitted to read or hear these firstlings of his imagination, and even to those who saw extracts from them at second hand, it must have been evident that a poet of loftier and purer vein than Jonson, Fletcher, Herrick, Waller or Carew, had appeared on the eastern horizon, and who, as his day advanced, would "flame in the forehead of the sky," beside the foremost constellations of English literature.—He belonged sufficiently to his age to enlist and ensure its sympathies, yet he was formed in a different school from his contemporaries. With fancy and with melody equal to Fletcher's, Milton maintained a steadier and more secure flight in the realm of imagination: with classical learning equal to Jonson's, he combined grace and judgment akin to that of the ancients, which Jonson never quite attained. Neither the "Sad Shepherd," of the one, nor the "Faithful Shepherdess," of the other, possess the elegance and dignity of *Comus*. One element, indeed, of the poetic mind was less apparent in Milton than in Herrick, Carew, Habington, or Suckling. In their erotic verses they raised a mortal to the skies, and invested their Castaras and Julias with the attributes of the Petrarchan Laura, or with the yet holier and higher virtues of the canonized Beatrice. Whereas love, as portrayed by Milton in his earlier poems, has few vestiges of the presence of an earthly passion, and deals with such general qualities of grace, beauty, and purity, as Plato would have applauded, while he would have presented the author, poet though he were, with the freedom of his republic.

Milton has himself chronicled the range and direction of his studies during his residence at Horton. Greek, rather than Latin writers, seem now to have attracted him, perhaps because he had discovered that his teachers at St. Paul's School and Cambridge were better skilled in the latter than the former language. At the present moment, the relation of these accomplishments, is nearly reversed. The Greek scholarship of our universities is very superior to the Latin, although Dr. Donaldson, Dr. Woodham, and a few others, are second to none, either now or formerly, in their power of writing in the language of Rome. We cannot doubt that Milton in his solitary and self-imposed studies, followed a rigorous method, or that, like Gibbon, he always read with a pen in

his hand. To indulge in that desultory idleness, which permits itself to rove from book to book, without some strong connecting link to bind them together, would have been inconsistent with his sense of the responsibility of intrusted talents. Johnson discredited the assertion, that in five years, Milton read over the Greek and Latin writers from their Ionian cradle to their Byzantine tomb. But, although capable of great intellectual efforts at times, Johnson was himself a very irregular reader, and confessed that there were only two or three books which he had ever perused from beginning to end. In our opinion, there is nothing incredible in the achievement. In five years, an earnest workman will perform tasks which astound the idle and the desultory, but which scarcely oppress or seem extraordinary to the methodical. Absorbed as Sir William Jones was by his professional and Oriental studies, he yearly perused the entire works of Cicero. Joseph Scaliger has told us (perhaps we would take his words with a few qualifying grains) that he read through Homer, for the first time, in a fortnight, and the *Corpus Poetarum Græcorum* in three months; and Wyttenbach completed his first perusal of *Athenæus* in fourteen days. That Milton read with a pen in his hand, is obvious from his annotations on Euripides, Lycophron, and Aratus, the two later authors proving also, that neither dry matter nor crabbed language turned him from his course. But his diligence was not confined to Greek alone. The classics of modern Italy were diligently studied by him, and probably at this period, since at school and college he could scarcely have found time for more than occasional glances at Dante and Ariosto. Neither did he neglect the earlier or the contemporary writers of his own country, or if we may judge by his practice in later life, his daily portion of Hebrew or Chaldee. Mr. Masson has hardly dwelt with emphasis enough upon the few disturbing influences of that day, as regarded the vocation of the scholar. A student of the nineteenth century would linger behind his time, and forego much indispensable knowledge, were he to adjure newspapers and periodical literature. For Milton, however, few of these distracting causes existed. There was in his days less running to and fro on the earth in quest of knowledge: if men travelled, it was usually on account of business or in search of adventures; and people with lean purses scarcely journeyed at all. As yet, watering-places were not, and a trip to "the Bath," as it was called, was regarded as tantamount to a short reprieve from a death-warrant. A scholar, therefore, during a quinquennium of repose, and earnest in the work he had set himself to do,

might possibly, if not indeed easily, "peruse the Greek authors to the time when they ceased to be Greeks," and yet leave a margin for the muses of the Arno and the Avon. Milton's excursions from Horton were principally to London, either for the purpose of buying books, or of learning something new in mathematics or music, sciences "in which," he says, "he then delighted." We are disposed, therefore, to accept literally all that he has told us of his studies at this period; and the more so, because afterwards tuition, controversy, and finally, blindness, must have proved grave impediments to the acquisition of the deep and various knowledge displayed in his polemical, historical, and poetical works.

Last scene of all in the first volume of this biography describes Milton on his travels, with a preface of many pages containing the general history of Europe at the time. The preface we shall omit, for the reason which has caused us to pass over many other digressions of the author. We do not see that Milton individually was much affected by the Thirty Years' war. He addressed, indeed, a few Latin verses to Queen Christina ("Belipotens Virgo, septem regina trionum"), daughter of the great Gustavus; and doubtless, being a sound Protestant, exulted as he watched the Swedish hero rolling back the tide of war from the Baltic to the Danube. Pious compliance with his mother's wishes probably retarded for some time his visit to the continent; and perhaps, as she died on the 3d of April, 1637, her declining health may have been the obstacle to his journey. But within six weeks after her death he obtained his surviving parent's sanction to visit the lands of which he had read so much; and it is an additional proof of the liberal temper of the elder Milton, that he afforded his son a servant to attend him and ample provision for his journey. An excellent man in all respects was this "John the elder." His diligent hand had made him rich; but riches did not dull the edge of his sympathies or render him exacting. And it should be remembered that the poet was now in his thirty-first year, yet hitherto he had not earned a penny for himself even by literature, though he had passed the age when ordinary fathers expect their sons to shift for themselves, especially if they have talents to put money in their purse.

Milton arrived in Paris late in April or early in May, 1638. Mr. Masson, a minute biographer, naturally regrets that we can never know how much he was imposed upon by French Bonifaces, or whether his servant mourned for the beef and beer of England. It is unfortunate, too, that a poet who described the palace of the infernal king so

particularly, should be quite dumb about "the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and the new palace of the Luxembourg." But his biographer expects too much. It is one man's gift to write "Comus," another to put together Fynes Morryson's Itinerary. Tom Coryat would hardly have soared to the height of the "Arcades"; and Milton did not possess the microscopic eye of Tom Coryat. So all we learn from the incommunicative, if not unobservant, traveller is that "on the strength of good letters of introduction from Sir Henry Wotton and others," he presented himself to "the most noble John Seudamore, Viscount Sligo, Ambassador of King Charles, and was by him right courteously received." Paris at that time, it has been suggested by more than one of Milton's biographers, presented very little to interest a traveller fraught with associations of the Arno and the Tiber. It may have been so, for the more brilliant scenes of Parisian history were yet behind the curtain, and most of the structures and monuments that now adorn her still slumbered in the quarry. Neither was the city, so emphatically as it is now, and has always been since the reign of Louis XIV., the capital of France. In architectural and archaeological interest it was surpassed by Rheims and Dijon; while the Huguenot capital Rochelle equalled it in political importance. Yet the comparative obscurity of Paris at this period may not have been the only reason for Milton's brief sojourn within its walls. The stain of blood was on its streets and pavements in no ordinary degree. A generation and a half only had passed away since the Bartholomew massacre and the dark and midnight murders of Catherine and her antagonists, the Cardinal and Duke of Guise. Such horrors would dwell freshly in the memory of an English Protestant, whose grandfather was contemporary with Charles of Valois and the Great Armada. From Paris also had come a queen of England who was never popular in her adopted country, and who in the year 1638 was daily becoming more odious to all English Puritans. For if Laud were apparently steering the Anglican Church towards the rock of St. Peter's, Henrietta Maria appeared like a beacon on its summit, shedding by her secret wiles or her unconcealed Romanism baleful rays on those who had kept and fought for the truth. Milton's reception at Paris was, however, gratifying enough to him. He saw Grotius, then resident there for Christina of Sweden; and Edward Phillips says that the great Arminian champion and exile "took his visit kindly, and gave him entertainment suitable to his worth and the high commendations he had heard of him." Yet, could their conversation be reported, it

would probably afford little to interest us. The difference in the age and rank of the parties must have imposed restraint on either side; and perhaps Euripides, whom they both fondly cherished, furnished the topic of discourse rather than "what the Swede or what the French intended" in religion or politics.

At Florence, for the intermediate stages of his journey present nothing for remark, Milton remained, during his first visit, two months. At this point we are grateful to Mr. Masson for his pains in elucidating the history of Italian learning and literature at that time. For there, as Milton himself tells us, he "contracted the acquaintance of many truly noble and learned men, whose private academies also" he "assiduously attended." Florence, although no longer the city of free burghers or of merchant princes, was still the most literary city in Italy. The associates of the young English poet were, according to his own report, Jacopo Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Duommattei, Antonio Malatesti, and others. Mr. Masson has done much to redeem these names from the obscurity of "fortisque Gyas fortisque Cloanthus," and his account of the Florentine scholars and academies is one of the most graceful and instructive sections in his volume. Milton speedily obtained great popularity in Italy; and was perhaps mainly indebted for it to the wonder which his accomplishments excited among the learned and accomplished Florentines. Englishmen seldom take the trouble to render themselves good linguists for the purpose of winning the favor of their foreign hosts. Whether from indolence, pride, or diffidence, or a combination of them all, they rarely make themselves masters to the heart of a people, especially one so justly proud of their language as the Italians. That envoys and their secretaries, or merchants and their agents, should be able to converse readily in Tuscan, was neither unusual nor meritorious; but that an English gentleman traveling for his own pleasure should not merely speak fluently in general company, but should also, as presently appeared, have mastered many of the subtleties of the language, and not only talk, but write passable verses in it, was a most unwonted phenomenon. It was a homage to the "genius loci" that kindled universal gratitude and applause in all hearers. Nor was this the only tribute which Milton paid to Italian glory. Next to the language of Dante and Tasso, the Florentines held in esteem that of Virgil and Cicero, and almost put on a level with the Gerasalemme, the Latin verses of Sadolet and Fracastorius. In Latin, Milton's proficiency was even more conspicuous than in

Italian. His college declamations, which he touched up for the academicians, sounded in Italian ears like fragments of Tully, and his Latin verses were scarcely inferior in grace and purity to the Elegia and Tristia of the poet of Sulmo. Here was a new "Ennius bilinguis," a barbarian of the North versed in Cisalpine arts, one worthy of admission into any academy,—poet, musician, critic, orator,—perfect in all things excepting his faith! Milton's visit to Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition, has often been celebrated, but never more genially than by his present biographer. Insensibly to either, their interview was typical of the time at which they met and discoursed: the Florentine had laid his axe to the root of fallacious science; the Englishman would shortly aid with his pen the strong arms of those who were to strike down the divine right of kings. The one was suffering, the other was eventually to suffer, in the cause of freedom and truth: both attained an everlasting renown, and at that brief interview their names, until that moment so far apart from each other, were blended inseparably. The ruins of ancient Rome were more congenial to Milton's spirit than the mingled splendor and meanness of the ecclesiastical capital of Christendom. In the one he beheld the shadow of republican greatness, the substance of which England might one day emulate could she but substitute an enlightened senate, and a free assembly of the people, for her weak king and her silenced parliament. In the other he looked upon a forcible and fraudulent invasion of the liberties of a Christian people, more intolerable to be borne than the yoke of the Jewish sanhedrin, or the traditions of the Rabbinical schools. Yet his visit to Rome was made at a period of great literary activity, affording a painful contrast with the supine and sensual Rome of the nineteenth century. Urban the Eighth and his cardinals were zealous and discriminating patrons of learning and genius, and would gladly have showered honors on the transalpine poet, had he been as orthodox as he was accomplished. Again as at Florence there was an interchange of complimentary verses, in which the Italians had the fortune of Diomed in his barter of arms with Glaucus. At Rome, Milton's most valuable acquaintance seems to have been the keeper of the Vatican Library, Lucas Holsten, who could converse on English affairs, since he had been three years at Oxford, and on Greek literature, since he was an excellent scholar and editor. But perhaps the most agreeable circumstance of his visit was the singing of Leonora Baroni, who, with her mother Adriana, and her sister Catarina, "made such a musical triad, as moved Italy

to very madness wherever they went." The impression made upon Milton by the beauty and voice of Leonora, he has recorded in three short Latin poems; and it is interesting to contemplate the handsome Puritan enthralled by a southern Jenny Lind.

If there were a work on the felicities, as there is on the calamities of literature, Manso, Marquis of Villa, would claim a high place in it, at least if companionship with men of genius be an element of happiness. Manso, in his youth, had been the friend of Tasso and Marini; and now in advanced age he welcomed one poet more, destined to surpass them both in the melody and sublimity of his verse. Milton repaid the hospitality and the praises of Manso in a Latin epistle, of which Mæcenas himself might have been justly proud. It is remarkable that even the courtly Lord of Villa thought himself obliged to hint at the English traveler's freedom of speech on matters of faith. Milton, indeed, did not attempt to make converts, but he resented or replied to all attacks or insinuations against his own faith with a manly openness that alarmed his friends and enraged the Jesuits. His, indeed, was not a temper to comply easily with Sir Henry Wotton's prudential saw, "*pensieri stretti—volto sciolto*," and he was more than once warned that he was making Italy too hot to hold him. Could its rulers have looked forward only two years, they would probably not have limited their anger to empty threats. Samson was in the toils, but the Philistines knew it not. He came forth from these real or imaginary perils unscathed, and years afterwards was enabled to revert to his foreign journey in the following noble passage, with which Mr. Masson appropriately closes his volume.

"I again take God to witness that in all those places, where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

With his return from England closes forever the repose of Milton's life. He had not intended that Naples should be the term of his journey southward. He had proposed to visit Sicily and Greece. He has himself told us why he thus curtailed his travels, and, though Johnson deemed his change of purpose deserving a sneer, it at least stands in honorable contrast with the selfish conduct of the learned virtuoso Lord Arundel, who quitted his native land at the first muttering of the storm. "While I was desirous," he says, "to cross into Sicily and Greece, the sad news of civil war coming from England called me back; for I con-

sidered it disgraceful that while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." Nearly three years indeed elapsed between Milton's actual return to England in 1639, and the raising of the standard at Nottingham in the autumn of 1642. But when he received the letter which led to his change of purpose, the signs of the times were unmistakable; the patience of England was nearly worn out, and Scotland was in open rebellion. It was therefore the use of the pen rather than of the sword which Milton had in view, when he spoke of his "countrymen fighting at home for freedom." In either case the barriers of his seclusion were now broken down. Hitherto he had felt but little of the fever and the fret, the burden and the contradiction, of life. He had been hitherto exempt, in a remarkable degree, from those tasks and cares which the world lays on her darling, as well as on her less favored sons. Henceforward, like the common parents of mankind, he must go forth into the wilderness and till the ground for himself, uncertain whether it would yield him thorns and thistles, or fruit pleasant to sight and good for food. His retired leisure had reached its bourne; and though no "flaming brand" or "dreadful faces" barred access to his "suburban retreat," Horton was impenetrably sealed against him. His reading must now become, in some measure, the reminiscence of former delights. The shady recesses of philosophy must be invaded by crude or thorny theological debate, "the laureate fraternity of poets" give place to patristic and scholastic disputants. And in these controversies, though he poured into them golden streams of eloquence, and learning little inferior to that of Hooker or Taylor, he admits that he had the use of "his left hand only." His true home was on Horeb or Sinai, on the heights of Parnassus, or beside the pleasant streams of Aganippe; but he was constrained to dwell for many tedious years in Mesech, and to have his habitation in the tents of Kedar. A like burden lay also upon his father-land; it too had long reposed peacefully, and nurtured its strength in silence and security. The storm began to lower; the first flashes from the dark and pregnant clouds were visible on the northern horizon; rumor and doubt, fear and jealousy, secret plots and open resistance, and all the heralds of war, were rife on every side, and "ancient citizens" were laying "aside their grave be-seeming ornaments to yield old partisans in hands as old." Coolness was growing up between the Davids and Jonathans of those days; houses were divided against

themselves; and the hour was at hand for the cruel sabre to part those who had met in peace and sat at the same tables, and to wash out in blood the memory of ancient friendship. In the year with which Mr. Masson's present volume closes, the prelude symphony of the Great Rebellion had scarcely begun. But soon after the opening of the next section of his work, the protagonists of the Long Parliament will strike down the noble quarry Wentworth, and cage or expel the meaner foxes and jackals that had so long been preying on the vitals of English liberty. And then the passion, like a chorus, will deepen; the trumpet will proclaim and the sword will plead a cause of even deeper moment than any involved in the Great Remonstrance or the Petition of Right. Meanwhile, farewell, a long farewell, so far as Milton is concerned, to cherished hopes and to congenial studies. A land bristling with

pike and halbert has no ears for the remote wars of Arthur and his British knights; an age of sharp and swift vicissitudes cannot dally with Charlemagne and his peerage. Doubtless this baffling of his early projects sat heavily for a time on the poet's soul. He had been born, he thought, an age too late—he had fallen on evil days and evil tongues; nor could he, at the moment discern that these tribulations also were a school, no less salutary in its severe discipline than the seclusion and self-tuition of his earlier days. Yet it was this stern and tedious preparation that, in the end, nerved him for his excursions into the upper, middle, and nether worlds, and enabled him, after long debating and late choosing, to leave far below him both the wanderings of Æneas and the Tale of Troy, and even to surpass the vision of the great Florentine in the universal interest and sublime mythology of his Christian Epos.

STEAM VESSELS FOR THE GANGES.—The first of the steam vessels designed by the Oriental Inland Steam Company for the navigation of the Ganges has just been tried on the Mersey. This vessel, which draws two feet of water, is two hundred and fifty feet long and thirty feet beam, and is propelled by two high pressure engines about two hundred horse power nominal, but working up to about eight hundred actual horse-power. The speed attained on the trial trip was about fourteen miles an hour, with thirty-one or thirty-two revolutions of wheel per minute, but as many as thirty-six revolutions per minute were obtained for part of the time. The engines are formed with inclined cylinders, of twenty-six inches diameter and six feet stroke; and the pressure of the steam is one hundred pounds per square inch. The steam is supplied by four boilers, on the locomotive principle, of great strength. The vessel is trussed, both longitudinally and transversely, with wrought iron pipes, which are effective in withstanding both extension and compression. As this vessel has more power and a lighter draught of water than any now upon the Ganges, and also a higher rate of speed, her establishment upon that river is looked forward to with great interest. The Jumna, a sister vessel, is also nearly ready, and these vessels, it is expected, will inaugurate a new era in the navigation of the Ganges, as combining greater power and speed, and a lighter draught of water, than any heretofore introduced upon any of the Indian rivers.—*Liverpool Albion*.

THE "NATIONAL EDITION OF IRVING'S WORKS."—Putnam has just issued the first copy of a new edition of the complete works of Washington Irving. He has chosen the Sketch Book for the initial number. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper, and contains the fine vignettes and other illustrations by Darley. We are told that since the death of the great author his books have sold with almost incredible rapidity. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says:—

"It is needless to say that they were always read; but they are more read now than ever. To his latest breath Irving had a strong affection for his American publisher; and probably no one better deserved the distinction than George P. Putnam. Were all publishers like Mr. Putnam, 'the trade' might indeed not be rich, but literature would always appear in its most prepossessing form."

Let us add that Mr. Putnam shows his devotion to the fame of his distinguished friend by the careful and elegant style in which he has got up this latest edition of his works.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

The fourth volume of "The History of the Nineteenth Century," by Gervinus, is about to appear, and extend to the independence of the South American republics in 1825. The history of the Congress of Troppau, Laybach, and Verona, is for the first time described in this work, after official documents taken from the archives of the respective countries.

From Bentley's Miscellany.
STREAM SOUNDS.

PART II.

WORDSWORTH's stands first and foremost, out of all comparison, as an observer and recorder of stream music. But we must keep him, on that account, to the last; and, meanwhile, a few other illustrations may be culled, here and there, from other exponents of these water-voices. Barry Cornwall (or one of his *dramatis personæ* rather) invites to a flowery mead, where "you shall hear a river, which doth kiss irregular banks, enchant your senses with a sleepy tune."* In a scene in the streets of Paris, four centuries since, as evening set in, Mr. Leitch Ritchie describes the "noise of the waters of the Seine, boiling and whirling among the wheels of the Pont-aux-Meuniers," as "rising above the lessened din," as though

"Imposing silence with a stilly sound."†

And in his impressive picture of the Loire district, also at eventide, he writes: "The world was steeped in a kind of dreamy silence, only interrupted by the distant sound of the waters, rising indistinctly and brokenly upon the ear, like the murmur of one who sleeps."‡ In one of Mr. Galt's novels, the following passage, relating to a father on his way home, without presentiment of disaster, is partly designed, no doubt, to forecast or prefigure the shadow of death that awaits him there: "A faint streak of the twilight still served to show the outline of the houses between me and the western sky, and here and there a light twinkled in a window. The voice of the river came to me as if many spirits were murmuring about man: it was a solemn time."§ The next excerpt is from the author of "What will He do with it?" and tells its own tale: "The horseman fell into a reverie, which was broken by the murmur of the sunny rivulet, fretting over each little obstacle it met—the happy and spoiled child of Nature! That murmur rang on the horseman's ear like a voice from his boyhood; how familiar was it, how dear! No haunting tone of music ever recalled so rushing a host of memories and associations, as that simple, restless, everlasting sound. Everlasting!—all else had changed . . . but, with the same exulting bound and happy voice, that little brook leaped along its way. Ages hence, may the course be as glad, and the murmur as full of mirth! They are blessed things, those remote and unchanging streams—they fill us with the same love as if they were living creatures—and in a green corner of the world there is one, that, for

my part, I never see without forgetting myself to tears—tears that I would not lose for a king's ransom; tears that no other sight or sound could call from their source; tears of what affection, what soft regret; tears through the mists of which I beheld what I have lost on earth and hope to regain in heaven."* In the same author's "Godolphin" there is a kindred passage, relative to a lake in a dismantled park, beside which the hero muses on the eve of a storm. Not a ripple stirred the broad expanse of waters; the birds had gone to rest; no sound, save the voice of the distant brook which fed the lake, broke the universal silence. *That* voice was never mute. "All else might be dumb; but that living stream, rushing through its rocky bed, stilled not its repining music. Like the soul of a landscape is the gush of a fresh stream; it knows no sleep, no pause; it works forever—the life, the cause of life, to all around. The great frame of nature may repose, but the spirit of the waters rests not for a moment,"†

Mr. Tennyson's picture of scenes on the Tigris, a goodly place, a goodly time, for it was in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid, includes

"From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rilllets musical, . . .
Fall'n silver-chiming."‡

His Mariana hears "runlets babbling down the glen."§ In his "vale in Ida," below lawns and meadow-ledges rich in flowers, we hear the "roar" of "the long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine in cataract after cataract to the sea"||—and elsewhere a row of cloisters, branched like mighty forests, is said to "echo all night to that sonorous flow of spouted fountain-floods."¶ Then again we have "ripply shallows of the *lisp*ing lake,"** and "tinkling rivulet,"†† and the "babbling brook's" autobiographic song begins, in mimetic diction,—

"I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles."‡‡

A critical point it is, in Mr. Barham's "Hand of Glory" legend, when—hush!

"All is silent! all is still,
Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill
As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill."§§

* Eugene Aram, book v. ch. viii.

† Godolphin, ch. lxviii.

‡ Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

§ Mariana in the South.

|| Enone.

¶ The Palace of Art.

** Edwin Morris.

†† Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

‡‡ The Brook: an Idyl.

§§ Ingoldsby Legends: The Nurse's Story.

* Dramatic Fragments, 1.

† The Magician, ch. ii.

‡ Ibid. ch. ix.

§ Lawrie Todd, ch. ix.

In Mrs. Browning's poems we hear "the gliding of the river send a rippling noise forever through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's slant repose."* In her island picture, "One dove is answering in trust the water every minute, thinking *so soft a murmur must have her mate's cooing in it.*"† She brings "clear water from the spring praised in its own low murmuring,"‡ and hears the "streams *bleat* on among the hills in innocent and indolent repose."§ Hartley Coleridge, in one night scene, hears "the household rill Murmur continuous dulcet sounds that fill the vacant expectations."|| In another he describes the "shallow brook" as "hardly heard beneath the dark, dark weight of over-roofing boughs,"¶ Then again he dwells in detail on

"The rush of rocky-bedded rivers,
That madly dash themselves to shivers;
But anon, more prudent growing,
O'er countless pebbles smoothly flowing,
With a dull, continuous roar,
Hie they onward, evermore.

And I ken the brook, how sweet it tinkles,
As cross the moonlight green it twinkles.

I've heard the myriad-voiced rills,
The many tongues, of many rills—
All gushing forth in new-born glory,
Striving each to tell its story;—
Yet every little brook is known,
By a voice that is its own,
Each exulting in the glee
Of its new prosperity."**

Characteristic prominence is given to brook babble in Mr. Hawthorne's scarlet-lettered romance. Little Pearl haunts the brook in question, the course of which is made a mystery of by a bewilderment of giant tree-trunks, underbrush, and boulders of granite, "fearing, perhaps, that, with its never-ceasing loquacity, it should whisper tales out of the heart of the old forest whence it flowed, or mirror its revelations on the smooth surface of a pool." Continually, we are told, as it stole onward, the streamlet kept up a babble, "kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy, like the voice of a young child that was spending its infancy without playfulness, and knew not how to be merry among such acquaintance and events of sombre hue.

"O brook! O foolish and tiresome little brook!" cried Pearl, after listening a while to its talk. 'Why art thou so sad?

Pluck up a spirit, and do not be all the time sighing and murmuring.'—But the brook, in the course of its little lifetime among the forest trees, had gone through so solemn an experience that it could not help talking about it, and seemed to have nothing else to say. . . . 'What does this sad little brook say, mother?' inquired Pearl.—'If thou hadst a sorrow of thine own, the brook might tell thee of it,' answered Hester, 'even as it is telling me of mine.' . . . The child went singing away, followed up the current of the brook, and striving to mingle a more light-some cadence with its melancholy voice. But the little stream would not be comforted, and still kept telling its unintelligible secret of some very mournful mystery that had happened—or making a prophetic lamentation about something that was yet to happen—within the verge of the dismal forest."*

It is beside this brook, later in the strange, sad story, that Hester and the minister meet, Pearl watching them. "And now this fateful interview had come to a close. The dell was to be left a solitude among its dark, old trees, which, with their multitudinous tongues, would whisper long of what had passed there, and no mortal be the wiser. And the melancholy brook would add this other tale to the story with which its little heart was already overburdened, and whereof it still kept up a murmuring babble, with not a whit more cheerfulness of tone than for ages heretofore."† Mr. Hawthorne is an adept in translating and constructing weird symbolism like this.

Mr. George Borrow, in the most popular of his books, describing a noontide rest he took one day, under the brilliant sun of Portugal, shaded by groves of cork-trees, and overlooking a "landscape of entrancing beauty," thus refers to a stream in the valley below, of which he had previously spoken. "The soft murmur of the stream, which was at intervals chafed and broken by huge stones, ascended to my ears and filled my mind with delicious feelings. I sat down on the broken wall, and remained gazing, and listening, and shedding tears of rapture; for of all the pleasures which a bountiful God permitteth his children to enjoy, none are so dear to some hearts as the music of forests and streams."‡ But with the mood and make of each several heart, varies the vocal import of the stream that sings.

One of the finest illustrations of this subjective sympathy which we remember to have met with, occurs in Mr. de Quincey's recollections of Charles Lloyd of Bathy—the C—L— of the Opium-eater's Au-

* Lady Geraldine's Character.

† An Island. ‡ The Deserted Garden.

§ Aurora Leigh, book vi.

|| Sonnets, 18.

¶ Leonard and Susan.

** "What I have heard." See also Hartley's Sonnet, "Heard, Not Seen," and the sixth of his Sonnets on the Seasons, and that on the Cuckoo, for other notes of stream song.

* The Scarlet Letter, ch. xvi.

† The Scarlet Letter, ch. xix.

‡ The Bible in Spain, ch. vi.

tobiography. Often and often, he tells us, after all was gone, has he passed old Brathay, or gone over purposely after dark, about the time when, for many a year, he used to go over to spend the evening; and seating himself on a stone, by the side of the mountain river Brathay, has stayed for hours listening to the same sound to which, he says, "so often C— L— and I used to hearken together with profound emotion and awe—the sound of pealing anthems, as if streaming from the open portals of some illimitable cathedral; for such a sound does actually arise, in many states of the weather, from the peculiar action of the river Brathay upon its rocky bed; and many times I have heard it of a quiet night, when no stranger could have been persuaded to believe it other than the sound of choral chanting—distant, solemn, saintly.

"Its meaning and expression," Mr. de Quincey continues, in a passage of affecting beauty,—and indeed quite akin in melodious cadence to the choral sound he is analyzing,—“were in those earlier years, uncertain and general; not more pointed or determinate in the direction which it impressed upon one’s feelings than the light of setting suns; and sweeping, in fact, the whole harp of pensive sensibilities, rather than striking the chord of any specific sentiment. But since the ruin or dispersion of that household, after the smoke had ceased to ascend from their hearth, or the garden-walks to re-echo their voices, oftentimes, when lying by the river-side, I have listened to the same aerial saintly sound, whilst looking back to that night, long hidden in the forest of receding years, when Charles and Sophia L—, now lying in foreign graves, first dawned upon me, coming suddenly out of rain and darkness; then—young, rich, happy, full of hope, belted with young children (of whom also most are long dead), and standing apparently on the verge of a labyrinth of golden hours. Musing on that night in November, 1807, and then upon the wreck that had been wrought by a space of fifteen years, I would say to myself sometimes, and seem to hear it in the songs of this watery cathedral—Put not your trust in any fabric of happiness that has its root in man, or the children of men. Sometimes even I was tempted to discover in the same music, a sound such as this—Love nothing, love nobody, for thereby comes a curse in the rear. But sometimes, also, very early on a summer morning, when the dawn was barely beginning to break, all things locked in sleep, and only some uneasy murmur, or cockcrow, at a faint distance, giving a hint of resurrection for earth and her generations, I have heard, in that

same chanting of the little mountain river, a more solemn if a less agitated admonition—a requiem over departed happiness, and a protestation against the thought, that so many excellent creatures, but a little lower than the angels, whom I have seen only to love in this life—so many of the good, the brave, the beautiful, the wise—can have appeared for no higher purpose or prospect than simply to point a moral, to cause a little joy and many tears, a few perishing moons of happiness and years of vain regret,—No! that the destiny of man is more in correspondence with the grandeur of his endowments; and that our own mysterious tendencies are written hieroglyphically in the vicissitudes of day and night, of winter and summer, and throughout the great alphabet of Nature.”* We are not sure that Mr. de Quincey ever wrote any thing finer, of its kind—and that kind a high and noble one—than this fragment: we are sure that, taking him at his best, England has not produced his equal, for harmony, majesty, and subtle sweetness, as a writer of her language in impassioned prose.

And now, in the last place, we come to the poet who has most amply and minutely studied, throughout their gamut of notes, the voice-music of brook and stream. To attempt a comprehensive survey of all he has produced on the subject is, of course, out of the question. But a sort of outline essay towards that impracticable design may be offered. Plunging, then, at once, in *medias res*, we find ourselves—in the river Duddon, or at least one of its tributary streams:—

“And seldom hath ear listened to a tune

More lulling busy hum of Noon.

Sworn by that voice—whose murmur musical

Announces to the thirsty fields a boon

Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.”†

The poet is “soothed by the unseen river’s gentle roar”‡—a phrase, which, though sanctioned (as we have seen) by Spenser’s usage, inevitably suggests the gentle roar promised by Bottom the weaver, that should combine lion and sucking-dove in its pianissimo forte. Anon he harks “the crystal stream now flowing with its softest summer sound”§—and then, by night, “a soft and lulling sound is heard of streams inaudible by day.”|| In his lines on Sir Walter Scott’s departure for Italy, Wordsworth imagines Tweedside to lament its loss—and says of the minstrel’s best-beloved stream, that

* Sketches of Life and Manners, from the Reminiscences of an English Opium-eater.

† Sonnets on the River Duddon, XIX.

‡ Ibid. XXXI.

§ The White Doe of Rylstone, canto i.

|| Ibid. canto iv.

"—Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,

Saddens his voice again, and yet again."

In his first Evening Voluntary, "a stream is heard—I see it not, but know By its soft music whence the waters flow." In a sonnet to Southey's river—"Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones Rumble along thy bed, block after block, Or, whirling with reiterated shock, Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans." Old Matthew's musing, beside the "gurgling" fountain, whose "pleasant tune" his companion celebrates, begins with the fine familiar stanza,—

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
How merrily it goes!

'Twill murmur on, a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows:—"

and there, on that delightful day, he "cannot choose but think how oft, a vigorous man, he lay beside that fountain's brink."

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.*

While Wordsworth was laboring, together with his Quaker friend, Thomas Wilkinson, in the said Friend's pleasure-ground, he composed a set of verses on his fellow-laborer's spade,—which useful implement is, among other things, reminded that

"Here often hast thou heard the Poet sing
In concord with the river † murmuring by:
Or in some silent field, while timid spring
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy." ‡

His tradition of the Founding of Bolton Priory, § closes with this verse:—

"The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at even-song."

A calm heart he compares to "mountain rivers, where they creep Along a channel smooth and deep, To their own far-off murmurs listening." || One of his latest poems begins, "The unremitting voice of nightly streams that wastes so oft, we think, its tune-ful powers . . . wants not a healing influence that can creep into the human breast, and mix with sleep

"To regulate the motion of our dreams
For kindly issues—as through every chime
Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time;

As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell
Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell
Of waterbreaks, with grateful heart could tell." ¶

* The Fountain. † The Emont.

‡ To the Spade of a Friend.

§ The Force of Prayer (an Appendix to the "White Doe"). || Memory.

¶ Poems of Sentiment and Reflection, XXXII.

Then again, we have "streams gurgling in foamy water-break"—"The brooks which down their channels fret"—and the elegiac piece beginning,—

"Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up

With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!

Of all her Voices, One!

Or he records how "the fairest of all rivers loved to blend his murmurs with my muse's song, and, from his alder shades and rocky falls, and from his fords and shallows, sent a voice that flowed along my dreams"—how Derwent, winding among grassy holms

"Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Made ceaseless music that composed my thoughts

To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves." †

Or he relates the fate of "that unruly child of mountain birth, The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed Within our garden, found himself at once, As if by trick insidious and unkind, Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down A channel paved by man's officious care." ‡ Or he compares himself, when sauntering at evening on the public way, to "a river murmuring and talking to itself when all things else are still." His sister's cherished words of counsel he compares to a brook

"That did but cross a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,
Companions never lost through many a league." §

Then he apostrophizes the brooks "muttering along the stones, a busy noise By day, a quiet sound in silent night." || His Wanderer lies "stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound of far-off torrents charming the still night." ¶ But whatever else we omit, it must not be that exquisite verse relating to the child that should be made a lady of Nature's own,—

"—and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face." **

The last two lines are quintessential Wordsworth. And to quote feeble lines after them were impolitic and unjust. They warrant our applying, in conclusion, to himself, what he says of an ideal poet—

"He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own." ††

* To May. † The Prelude: Introduction.

‡ Ibid. book iv. § Ibid. book xi.

|| Book xii. ¶ The Excursion, book iv.

** Poems of the Imagination, X.

†† A Poet's Epitaph.

From The Saturday Review.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

WE cannot but lament that the great fight has not been fought out. Whether the appearance of the police was the real or the pretended cause of the interruption, we equally regret that the battle was not continued until one or other of the champions became the undisputed conqueror. It is perfectly easy, on this side of the Atlantic, to rest satisfied with the accounts which we choose to give and to accept of the affair. But we apprehend that in America it will be stated, and believed, that Heenan, if allowed fair play, could have won the battle, and that the ring was wilfully broken up in order to avoid the loss of British honor and British money involved in the defeat of Sayers. Supposing the merits of the transaction to be doubtful, we know our acute cousins far too well not to expect that they will loudly and steadily repeat that version of it which is most agreeable to their own feelings. And on this side of the water we shall not be wanting in consideration for the sensitiveness of British vanity. We fear that the occurrences of last Tuesday will be the beginning of a long controversy which is not likely to be set at rest except by a further meeting between the combatants—a step which, however, we must not be understood to advocate.

It is always difficult, even for those who enjoy the best opportunities of observation and turn them to the best account, to describe exactly what happened at a moment of violent excitement and confusion amid a crowd of men. We could mention celebrated battles as to which nobody agreed in fixing either when they began or when they ended; and therefore it need not create surprise that different versions have gained currency of the circumstances under which this fight was prematurely stopped. But we are not without our suspicions that the ring would have been better kept if the English champion had been fighting a manifestly winning battle. It was said, over and over again, when doubts were hinted, that, whatever happened, the American should have fair play. It is deeply to be regretted if he has not had such a full and undeniable measure of justice dealt to him as would have placed the English national character in this respect as high in the estimation of other countries as in our own. It is often alleged, and we believe with truth, that one advantage of prize-fights, strictly regulated and impartially conducted, is that they tend to cherish a habit of self-restraint and a love of justice which usually make men forbearing and generous even in their angry mo-

ments, and, if they, in their passion, infringe the well-known rules of fistic law, insure the interference of the spectators to redress any undue advantage. But, if motives are to be allowed to operate, such as those which we fear did, to some extent, prevail on Tuesday, there is an end to the pretension we have been used to make—to be, in this respect, an example to the world. We would desire all those who were near the ring during the fight between Sayers and Heenan to ask themselves whether they would have acted precisely as they did if they had regarded Sayers throughout as a certain conqueror. We shall not attempt to answer this question for them, and we will only add to it the repeated expression of our regret that the events of Tuesday do not encourage the expectation that roguery and ruffianism will, in time to come, be banished from the prize-ring.

But we further have to remark that, if Heenan and his friends complain that the battle was left undecided, the American champion has chiefly himself to blame for the disappointment which he may think he has sustained. It is certain that he was holding Sayers so that he would have strangled him in another minute, and the ropes enclosing the ring were cut or loosened by some one near at hand, in order to deliver Sayers from what appeared to be the peril of immediate death. When the ropes were once lowered, of course the ring was broken, and it is difficult to pronounce whether all the confusion which ensued was, or was not, inevitable. Considering the pressure from without, both from excitement and from the efforts of the police, it was natural to expect that as soon as the barrier of the ropes and stakes had fallen the small space allotted to the combatants would be inundated by intruders who could not, if they would, have kept outside. It seems to us that Heenan's conduct furnished a pretext which Sayers' friends might, if they chose, lay hold off to break off the battle. We do not say they did, but it is probable that Heenan's friends and countrymen will say so, and it will not be easy to establish, in opposition to their assertions, that the whole of the confusion which followed the lowering of the ropes was accidental and undesigned. But we must repeat that for this unsatisfactory conclusion Heenan has himself to blame. We believe that his treatment of Sayers at the moment when the ropes were loosened was lawful according to the rules of the prize-ring. Sayers was not down, and could not get down, because the rope kept him up—and almost any kind of injury may be inflicted so long as the sufferer remains by natural or artificial means

upon his legs. We say almost any kind of injury, meaning any that would suggest itself to a combatant trained in the English school of prize-fighters. Such a combatant would know, and however excited would probably remember, that if he strangled his opponent, his own life or liberty would be abridged as the penalty of his violence. But Heenan appears to have forgotten this. The life of Sayers was in imminent danger, and it became absolutely necessary to interfere. If the conduct of the bystanders was not within the letter of the laws of the prize-ring, it was most unquestionably within their spirit. One principal object of those laws is that fights with fists between healthy and well-trained men may call forth great courage and constancy without any serious risk to life. If American pugilists appear in the English ring, they must be content to fight under such restrictions as our own estimate of the value of human lives and limbs imposes. Suppose some compatriot of Heenan were to introduce gouging in order to hasten the end of an exhausting battle. We believe that gouging as well as strangling is within the written law, but the combatant who practised it would soon be taught that he would not be permitted to Americanize a British institution. It seems, then, to have been a legitimate interposition which delivered Sayers from the deadly grip of Heenan, but whether all that followed was, or was not, inevitable, cannot be known.

Passing now to the general merits of the battle, we may say at once that the majority of the spectators beheld a sight very different from that for which they bargained. It was not to see the Champion of England knocked clean off his legs some five-and-twenty times that so many hundred Englishmen travelled down to Farnborough. But if they did not witness exactly what most of them expected, they saw even a finer sight. Never in the annals of pugilism were skill, coolness, judgment, variety of resource, pluck, and bottom displayed in such a wonderful degree as by Sayers in this splendid battle. Wherever manly courage and manly sentiments prevail, his name will be held in honor. Taking the result as it now stands, or even supposing a further trial to end in the defeat of Sayers, we should still say that for spirit, science and endurance his character is unsurpassed throughout the world. He was pitted against a man who was his equal in resolution and not very far inferior in skill, while in height, weight, and length of reach he possessed a vast superiority. Heenan, before this fight, was comparatively an untried man, and it could not be known beforehand whether, as is so often found in the noblest specimens of humanity, he had

not a weak point somewhere. There was also the consideration that he came to us from a land where nobody's gifts or merits are at all likely to be understated. But the truth now appears to be that Heenan is five inches taller and two or three stone heavier, and eight years younger than Sayers, while his length of arm is extraordinary, even for so tall a man. He has great natural advantages, and he is quite capable of turning them to the best account. We all know that in general a big boy can thrash a small one. There may be exceptional cases of cowardice, or awkwardness, or weakness, but the rule is that height and weight carry the day. Almost every sort of artificial weapon tends more or less to equalize men of different degrees of stature, but in using the weapons which nature gave, the advantage usually rests where instinct teaches us to look for it. Now the battle between Heenan and Sayers may very fairly be described as a battle between a big and a little boy. It was thought that the experience, the quickness, and the game quality of Sayers would more than counterbalance the tremendous range and power of his adversary. When Heenan stood forth in the ring, he was confessed by everybody to be the most magnificent figure seen there within living memory. That Sayers should have fought so long and so beautifully as he did is the greatest triumph of the art of which he has been the worthy chief; and it is a proof, which his countrymen will not soon forget, that he possesses in the fullest measure, all those qualities which, in more deadly conflicts, have shed imperishable glory on his country's arms. We might say much, if it were necessary, in defence of prize-fighting, but we will content ourselves with saying this—that when British soldiers cease to feel the interest they showed in this famous battle, they will forfeit, at the same time, their character for unrivalled prowess. When the world has really entered upon the millenium of peaceful industry let prize-fighting be abolished, and let the memory of its heroes pass away. But so long as restless neighbors will have their Magneta and Solferino, so long we should like to have occasionally, on some open, unfrequented heath, such a day as has been seen this week. Let warlike emperors count their well-drilled legions. Our own sovereign may be content to reckon Sayers among her subjects, and to say—

"I trust I have within this realm
Ten thousand as good as he."

And an equal tribute of praise and admiration is surely due to the gallant spirit which brought Heenan across the ocean and sustained him until he fully learned the

scope of his own tremendous powers. But who, let us ask, is Heenan? He was born of Irish parents in America. The blood which flows in his veins is that which has been poured so freely on every battle-field where the armies of the queen have triumphed. Indeed, the difference between the rivals is only this—the parents of both were Irish, but the one couple migrated to England, the other to the United States. Sayers and Heenan in the prize-ring, and Marshals M'Mahon and O'Donnell at the head of armies, appeared to have derived their pugnacity from the same prolific soil. Not that we would attempt to rob America of any portion of the honor won for her in this splendid contest. It is enough for us to know that the stock from which Heenan sprang was given to the new country by the old, and we believe there is plenty of it still left at

home. In praising one of these champions we praise the other; and, if we must confess to a slight partiality for Sayers, it is only the Englishman's inveterate leaning towards a little fellow fighting an up-hill fight against a big one. Heenan is probably the finest man who ever stepped into a prize-ring. He has shown unflinching courage, and, as he now knows his own terrific strength, and may be expected to improve in skill, and to feel no nervousness, neither England nor America will soon find a man to beat him. Sayers most amply justified the confidence which his countrymen reposed in him. A more accomplished, enduring, and courageous boxer never wore the belt of champion. We trust the combatants and their friends will feel that enough has been done and suffered for the honor of the men and of the countries which gave them birth.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—The *Builder* tells the following story: Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vast depths of Wheal Fortune Mine. The venerable Professor Farash, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following startling incident of his visit: On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of the bucket, and with a miner for a fellow passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe!"

THE end of the second volume of the great German lexicon, by Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, is announced for publication, with preface by Jakob Grimm, in which he refers with much feeling to the recent death of his brother Wilhelm, and to his superior skill in presenting philological subjects with grace and succinctness before the reader. "My brother Wilhelm," says Jakob, "wrote quietly and slowly, but thoroughly and carefully." The bulk of the new volume was written by Wilhelm Grimm.

A VOLUME of "Contemporary Biography; a Handbook of the Aristocracy of Rank, Worth, and Intellect," is announced as forthcoming by Messrs. Griffin and Co.

MR. MILLAIS is engaged in a series of designs for an illustrated edition of "The Parables." They will be engraved and published by Mr. Dalziel, and are said to be of larger dimensions than is usual with book illustrations, though probably not equal in that respect to the gigantic wood-cut blocks of Gustave Dore's illustrations to "The Wandering Jew."

"THE last accounts from Potsdam are very melancholy," says a Berlin letter of the 7th. "The journals speak of daily promenades taken by the king; but, unfortunately, it is not his majesty himself who can take any exercise worth mentioning, as, having almost lost his intelligence, he is lifted into a carriage, and driven slowly about the grounds, and that is all."

THE Webster and Worcester Fight of the Dictionaries rages here with so much fierceness that comparatively little attention is paid to the forthcoming edition of "Dr. Johnson's English Dictionary," on which Dr. Latham, the well-known philologist and ethnologist, has been engaged for some years for Messrs. Longman. £1,600, or eight thousand dollars was the editor's compensation at first agreed upon, but from the unexpected time required, this is probably increased. It will be published in parts, and may soon be looked for.

A TRANSLATION of the Marquis de Moye's "Recollections of the Embassy of Baron Gros to China and Japan, in 1857 and 1858," is in course of preparation.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

LITTLE SCHOLARS.

YESTERDAY morning, as I was walking up a street in Pimlico, I came upon a crowd of little persons issuing from a narrow alley. Ever so many little people there were streaming through a wicket; running children, shouting children, loitering children, chattering children, and children spinning tops by the way, so that the whole street was awakened by the pleasant childish clatter. As I stand for an instant to see the procession go by, one little girl pops me an impromptu courtesy, at which another from a distant quarter, not behindhand in politeness, pops me another; and presently quite an irregular little volley of courtesies goes off in every direction. Then I blandly inquire if school is over? and if there is anybody left in the house? A little brown eyes nods her head, and says, "There's a great many people left in the house." And so there are, sure enough, as I find when I get in.

Down a narrow yard, with the workshops on one side and the schools on the other, in at a little door which leads into a big room where there are rafters, maps hanging on the walls, and remarks in immense letters, such as, "COFFEE IS GOOD FOR MY BREAKFAST," and pictures of useful things, with the well-thumbed story underneath; a stove in the middle of the room; a paper hanging up on the door with the names of the teachers; and everywhere wooden benches and tables, made low and small for little legs and arms.

Well, the schoolroom is quite empty and silent now, and the little turmoil has poured eagerly out at the door. It is twelve o'clock, the sun is shining in the court, and something better than schooling is going on in the kitchen yonder. Who cares now where coffee comes from? or which are the chief cities in Europe? or in what year Stephen came to the throne? For is not twelve o'clock dinner-time with all sensible people? and what periods of history, what future aspirations, what distant events are as important to us—grown-up folks, and children, too—as this pleasant daily recurring one?

The kind, motherly schoolmistress who brought me in, tells me, that for a shilling, half a dozen little boys and girls can be treated to a wholesome meal. I wonder if it smells as good to them as it does to me, when I pull my shilling out of my pocket. The food costs more than twopence, but there is a fund to which people subscribe, and, with its help, the kitchen cooks all through the winter months.

All the children seem very fond of the good Mrs. K—. As we leave the schoolroom, one little thing comes up crying, and clinging to her, "A boy has been and 'it

me!" But when the mistress says, "Well, never mind, you shall have your dinner," the child is instantly consoled; "and you and you and you," she continues; but this selection is too heartrending; and with the help of another lucky shilling, nobody present is left out. I remember particularly a lank child, with great black eyes and fuzzy hair, and a pinched gray face, who stood leaning against a wall in the sun: once, in the Pontine Marshes, years ago, I remember seeing such another figure. "That poor thing is seventeen," says Mrs. K—. "She sometimes loiters here all day long; she has no mother; and she often comes and tells me her father is so drunk she dare not go home. I always give her a dinner when I can. This is the kitchen."

The kitchen is a delightful little clean-scrubbed place, with rice pudding baking in the oven, and a young mistress and a big girl, busy bringing in great caldrons full of the mutton broth I have been scenting all this time. It is a fresh, honest, hungry smell, quite different from that unwholesome compound of fry and sauce, and hot, pungent spice, and stew and mess, which comes steaming up, some seven hours later, into our dining-rooms from the reeking kitchens below. Here a poor woman is waiting, with a jug, and a round-eyed baby. The mistress tells me the people in the neighborhood are too glad to buy what is left of the children's dinner. "Look what good stuff it is," says Mrs. K—, and she shows me a bowl full of the jelly, to which it turns when cold. As the two girls come stepping through the sunny doorway, with the smoking jar between them, I think Mr. Millais might make a pretty picture of the little scene; but my attention is suddenly distracted by the round-eyed baby, who is peering down into the great soup-jug with such wide, wide open eyes, and little hands outstretched—such an eager, happy face, that it almost made one laugh, and cry, too, to see. The baby must be a favorite, for he is served, and goes off in his mother's arms, keeping vigilant watch over the jug, while four or five other jugs and women are waiting still in the next room. Then into rows of little yellow basins our mistress pours the broth, and we now go in to see the company in the dining-hall, waiting for its banquet. Ah me! but it is a pleasanter sight to see than any company in all the land. Somehow, as the children say grace, I feel as if there was indeed a blessing on the food: a blessing which brings color into these wan cheeks, and strength and warmth into these wasted little limbs. Meanwhile, the expectant company is growing rather impatient, and is battering the benches with its spoons, and tapping neighboring

heads as well. There goes a little guest, scrambling from his place across the room and back again. So many are here to-day, that they have not all got seats. I see the wan girl still standing against the wall, and there is her brother—a sociable little fellow, all dressed in corduroys—who is making funny faces at me across the room, at which some other little boys burst out laughing. But the infants on the dolls' benches, at the other end, are the best fun. There they are—three, four, five years old—whispering and chattering, and tumbling over one another. Sometimes one infant falls suddenly forward, with its nose upon the table, and stops there quite contentedly; sometimes another disappears entirely under the legs, and is tugged up by its neighbors. A certain number of the infants have their dinner every day, the mistress tells me. Mrs. — has said so, and hers is the kind hand which has provided for all these young ones; while a same kind heart has schemed how to shelter, to feed, to clothe, to teach, the greatest number of these hungry, and cold, and neglected little children.

As I am replying to the advances of my young friend in the corduroys, I suddenly hear a cry of "Ooo! ooo! ooo!—noo spoons—noo spoons—ooo! ooo! ooo!" and all the little hands stretch out eagerly as one of the big girls goes by with a paper of shining metal spoons. By this time the basins of soup are travelling round, with hunches of home-made bread. "The infants are to have pudding first," says the mistress, coming forward; and in a few minutes more, all the little birds are busy pecking at their bread and pudding, of which they take up very small mouthfuls, in very big spoons, and let a good deal slobber down over their pinafores.

One little curly-haired boy, with a very grave face, was eating pudding very slowly and solemnly—so I said to him:

"Do you like pudding best?"

Little Boy. "Iss."

"And can you read?"

Little Boy. "Iss."

"And write?"

Little Boy. "Iss."

"And have you got a sister?"

Little Boy. "Iss."

"And does she wash your face so nicely?"

Little Boy, extra solemn. "No, see is wite a little girl; see is on'y four year old."

"And how old are you?"

Little Boy, with great dignity. "I am fi year old."

Then he told me Mrs. Willis "wassed" his face, and he brought his sister to school.

"Where is your sister?" says the mistress, going by.

But four-years was not forthcoming.

"I s'pose see has walt home," says the child, and goes on with his pudding.

This little pair are orphans out of the workhouse, Mrs. K—— told me. But somebody pays Mrs. Willis for their keep.

There was another funny little thing, very small, sitting between two bigger boys, to whom I said—

"Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

"Little dirl," says this baby, quite confidently.

"No, you aint," cries the left-hand neighbor, very much excited.

"Yes, she is," says right-hand neighbor.

And then three or four more join in, each taking a different view of the question. All this time corduroys is still grinning and making faces in his corner. I admire his brass buttons, upon which three or four more children instantly crowd round to look at them. One is a poor little deformed fellow, to whom buttons would be of very little use. He is in quite worn and ragged clothes: he looks as pale and thin almost as that poor girl I first noticed. He has no mother; he and his brother live alone with their father, who is out all day, and the children have to do every thing for themselves. The young ones here who have no mothers seem by far the worst off. This little deformed boy, poor as he is, finds something to give away. Presently I see him scrambling over the backs of the others, and feeding them with small shreds of meat, which he takes out of his soup with his grubby little fingers, and which one little boy, called Thompson, is eating with immense relish. Mrs. K—— here comes up, and says that those who are hungry are to have some more. Thompson has some more, and so does another rosy little fellow; but the others have hardly finished what was first given them, and the very little ones send off their pudding half eaten, and ask for soup. The mistresses here are quite touchingly kind and thoughtful. I did not hear a sharp tone. All the children seemed at home, and happy, and gently dealt with. However cruelly want and care and harshness haunt their own homes, here at least there are only kind words and comfort for these poor little pilgrims whose toil has begun so early. Mrs. — told me once, that often in winter time these children come barefooted through the snow, and so cold and hungry that they have fallen off their seats half fainting. We may be sure that such little sufferers—thanks to these Good Samaritans—will be tenderly picked up and cared for. But, I wonder, must there always be children in the world hungry and deserted? and will there never, out

of all the abundance of the earth, be enough to spare to content those who want so little to make them happy?

Mrs. — came in while I was still at the school, and took me over the workshops where the elder boys learn to carpenter and carve. Scores of drawing-rooms in Belgravia are bristling with the pretty little tables and ornaments these young artificers design. A young man with a scriptural name superintends the work; the boys are paid for their labor, and send out red velvet and twisted legs, and wood ornamented in a hundred devices. There is an industrial class for girls, too. The best and oldest are taken in, and taught housework, and kitchen-work, and sewing. Even the fathers and mothers come in for a share of the good things, and are invited to tea sometimes, and amused in the evening with magic lanterns, and conjurers, and lecturings. I do not dwell at greater length upon the industrial part of these schools, because I want to speak of another very similar institution I went to see another day.

On my way thither I had occasion to go through an old churchyard, full of graves and sunshine: a quaint old suburban place, with tree-tops and old brick houses all round about, and ancient windows looking down upon the quiet tombstones. Some children were playing among the graves, and two rosy little girls in big bonnets were sitting demurely on a stone, and grasping two babies that were placidly basking in the sun. The little girls look up and grin as I go by. I would ask them the way, only I know they wont answer, and so I go on, out at an old iron gate, with a swinging lamp, up "Church Walk" (so it is written), and along a trim little terrace, to where a maid-of-all-work is scrubbing at her steps. When I ask the damsel my way to B— Street, she says she "do-ant know B— Street, but there's Little Davis Street round the corner;" and when I say I'm afraid Little Davis Street is no good to me, she says, "Taint Gunter's Row, is it?" So I go off in despair, and after some minutes of brisk walking, find myself turning up the trim little terrace again, where the maid-of-all-work is still busy at her steps. This time, as we have a sort of acquaintance, I tell her that I am looking for a house where girls are taken in, and educated, and taught to be housemaids. At which confidence she brightens up, and says, "There's a 'ouse round the-ar with somethink wrote on the door, jest where the little boy's a-trundlin' of his 'oop."

And so, sure enough, following the hoop, I come to an old-fashioned house in a courtyard, and ring at a wooden door on which

"Girls' Industrial Schools" is painted up in white letters.

A little industrious girl, in a lilac pinafore, let me in, with a courtesy.

"May I come in and see the place?" say I.

"Please, yes," says she (another courtesy). "Please, what name?—please, walk this way."

"This way" leads through the court, where clothes are hanging on lines, into a little office-room, where my guide leaves me, with yet another little courtesy. In a minute the mistress comes out from the inner room. She is a kind smiling young woman, with a fresh face and a pleasant manner. She takes me in, and I see a dozen more girls in lilac pinafores reading round a deal table. They look mostly thirteen or fourteen years old. I ask if this is all the school.

"No, not all," the mistress says, counting, "some are in the laundry, and some are not at home. When they are old enough, they go out into the neighborhood to help to wash, or cook, or what not. Go on, girls!" and the girls instantly begin to read again, and the mistress, opening a door, brings us out into the passage. "We have room for twenty-two," says the little mistress; "and we dress them, and feed them, and teach them as well as we can. On week-days they wear any thing we can find for them, but they have very nice frocks on Sunday. I never leave them; I sit with them, and sleep among them, and walk with them; they are always friendly and affectionate to me and among themselves, and are very good companions."

In answer to my questions, she said that most of the children were put in by friends who paid half a crown a week for them, sometimes the parents themselves, but they could rarely afford it. That besides this, and what the girls could earn, £200 a year is required for the rent of the house and expenses. "It has always been made up," says the mistress, "but we can't help being very anxious at times, as we have nothing certain, nor any regular subscriptions. Wont you see the laundry?" she adds, opening a door.

In the laundry is a steam, and a clatter, and irons, and linen, and a little mangle, turned by two little girls, while two or three more are busy ironing under the superintendence of a washerwoman with tucked-up sleeves; piles of shirt-collars and handkerchiefs and linen are lying on the shelves, shirts and clothes are hanging on lines across the room. The little girls don't stop, but go on busily.

"Where is Mary Anne?" says the mistress, with a little conscious pride.

"There she is, mum," says the washerwo-

man, and Mary Anne steps out blushing from behind the mangle, with a hot iron in her hand and a hanging head.

"Mary Anne is our chief laundry-maid," says the mistress, as we come out into the hall again. "For the first year I could make nothing of her; she was miserable in the kitchen, she couldn't bear housework, she wouldn't learn her lessons. In fact, I was quite unhappy about her, till one day I set her to ironing; she took to it instantly, and has been quite cheerful and busy ever since."

So leaving Mary Anne to her vocation in life, we went up-stairs to the dormitories. The first floor is let to a lady, and one of the girls is chosen to wait upon her; the second floor is where they sleep, in fresh light rooms with open windows and sweet spring breezes blowing in across gardens and courtyards. The place was delightfully trim, and fresh, and peaceful; the little gray-coated beds stood in rows, with a basket at the foot of each, and texts were hanging up on the wall. In the next room stood a wardrobe full of the girls' Sunday clothes, of which one of them keeps the key; after this came the mistress' own room, as fresh, and light, and well kept as the rest.

These little maidens scrub and cook and wash and sew. They make broth for the poor, and puddings. They are taught to read and write and count, and they learn geography and history as well. Many of them come from dark, unwholesome alleys in the neighborhood—from a dreary country of dirt and crime and foul talk. In this little convent all is fresh and pure, and the sunshine pours in at every window. I don't know that the life is very exciting there, or that the days spent at the mangle, or round the deal table, can be very stirring ones. But surely, they are well spent, learning useful arts and order and modesty and cleanliness. Think of the cellars and slums from which these children come, and of the quiet little haven where they are fitted for the struggle of life, and are taught to be good and industrious and sober and honest. It is only for a year or two, and then they will go out into the world again; into a world indeed of which we know but little—a world of cooks and kitchen maids and general servants. I dare say these little industrious girls, sitting round that table and spelling out the Gospel of St. John this sunny afternoon, are longing and wistfully thinking about that wondrous coming time. Meanwhile, the quiet hour goes by. I say farewell to the kind, smiling mistress; Mary Anne is still busy among her irons; I hear the mangle click as I pass, and the wooden door opens to let me out.

In another old house, standing in a de-

serted old square near the city, there is a school which interested me as much as any of those I have come across—a school for little Jewish boys and girls. We find a tranquil roomy old house with light windows, looking out into the quiet square with its ancient garden; a carved staircase; a little hall paved with black and white mosaic, whence two doors lead respectively to the boys' and girls' schools. Presently, a little girl unlocks one of these doors, and runs up before us into the schoolroom—a long well-lighted room full of other little girls busy at their desks: little Hebrew girls with Oriental faces, who look up at us as we come in. This is always rather an alarming moment; but Dr. —, who knows the children, comes kindly to our help, and begins to tell us about the school. "It is an experiment," he says, "and one which has answered admirably well. Any children are admitted, Christians as well as Jews; and none come without paying something every week, twopence or threepence, as they can afford, for many of them belong to the very poorest of the Jewish community. They receive a very high class of education." (When I presently see what they are doing, and hear the questions they can answer, I begin to feel a very great respect for these little bits of girls in pinafores, and for the people who are experimenting on them.) "But the chief aim of the school is to teach them to help themselves, and to inculcate an honest self-dependence and independence." And indeed, as I look at them, I cannot but be struck with a certain air of respectability and uprightness among these little creatures, as they sit there, so self-possessed, keen-eyed, well-mannered. "Could you give them a parsing lesson?" the doctor asks the schoolmistress, who shakes her head, and says it is their day for arithmetic, and she may not interrupt the order of their studies; but that they may answer any questions the doctor likes to put to them.

Quite little things, with their hair in curls, can tell you about tons and hundredweights, and how many horses it would take to draw a ton, and how many little girls to draw two-thirds of a ton, if so many little girls went to a horse; and if a horse were added, or a horse taken away, or two-eighths of the little girls, or three-fourths of the horse, or one-sixth of the ton,—until the room begins to spin breathlessly round and round, and I am left ever so far behindhand.

"Is *avoirduois* an English word?" Up goes a little hand, with fingers working eagerly, and a pretty little creature, with long black hair and a necklace, cries out that it is French, and means, *have weight*.

Then the doctor asks about early English

history, and the hands still go up, and they know all about it; and so they do about civilization, and despotism, and charters, and Picts and Scots, and dynasties, and early lawgivers, and colonization, and reformation.

"Who was Martin Luther? Why did he leave the Catholic Church? What were indulgences?"

"You gave the pope lots of money, sir, and he gave you dispensations." This was from our little portress.

There was another little shrimp of a thing, with wonderful, long-slit, flashing eyes, who could answer any thing almost, and whom the other little girls accordingly brought forward in triumph from a back row.

"Give me an instance of a free country?" asks the tired questioner.

"England, sir!" cry the little girls in a shout.

"And now of a country which is not free."

"America," cry two little voices; and then one adds, "Because there are slaves, sir." "And France," says a third; "and we have seen the emperor in the picture-shops."

As I listen to them, I cannot help wishing that many of our little Christians were taught to be as independent and self-respecting in their dealings with the grown-up people who come to look at them. One would fancy that servility was a sacred institution, we cling to it so fondly. We seem to expect an absurd amount of respect from our inferiors; we are ready to pay back just as much to those above us in station: and hence I think, notwithstanding all the kindness of heart, all the well-meant and well-spent exertion we see in the world, there is often too great an inequality between those who teach and those who would learn, those who give and those whose harder part is to receive.

We were quite sorry at last when the doctor made a little bow, and said, "Good morning, young ladies," quite politely, to his pupils. It was too late to stop and talk to the little boys down below, but we went for a minute into an inner room out of the large boys' schoolroom, and there we found half a dozen little men, with their hats on their heads, sitting on their benches, reading the *Psalms* in Hebrew; and so we stood, for this minute before we came away, listening to David's words spoken in David's tongue, and ringing rather sadly in the boys' touching childish voice.

But this is not by any means the principal school which the Jews have established in London. Deep in the heart of the city—beyond St. Paul's—beyond the Cattle Market, with its countless pens—beyond Finsbury Square, and the narrow Barbican, travelling on through a dirty, close, thickly

peopled region, you come to Bell Lane, in Spitalfields. And here you may step in at a door and suddenly find yourself in a wonderful country, in the midst of an unknown people, in a great hall sounding with the voices of hundreds of Jewish children. I know not if it is always so, or if this great assemblage is only temporary, during the preparation for the Passover, but all along the sides of this great room were curtained divisions, and classes sitting divided, busy at their tasks, and children upon children as far as you could see; and somehow as you look you almost see, not these children only, but their forefathers the children of Israel, camping in their tents, as they camped at Succoth, when they fled out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage. Some of these here present to-day are still flying from the house of bondage; many of them are the children of Poles, and Russians, and Hungarians, who have escaped over here to avoid conscription, and who arrive destitute and in great misery. But to be friendless, and in want, and poverty-stricken, is the best recommendation for admission to this noble charity. And here, as elsewhere, any one who comes to the door is taken in, Christian as well as Jew.

I have before me now the report for the year 5619 (1858), during which one thousand eight hundred children have come to these schools daily. Ten thousand in all have been admitted since the foundation of the school. The working alone of the establishment—salaries, repairs, books, laundresses, etc.—amounts to more than £2,000 a year. Of this a very considerable portion goes in salaries to its officers, of whom I count more than fifty in the first page of the pamphlet. "£12 to a man for washing boys," is surely well-spent money; "£3 to a beadle; £14 for brooms and brushes; £1 19s. 6d. for repair of clocks," are among the items. The annual subscriptions are under £500, and the very existence of the place (so says the report) depends on voluntary offerings at the anniversary. That some of these gifts come in with splendid generosity, I need scarcely say. Clothing for the whole school arrives at Easter once a year, and I saw great bales of boots for the boys waiting to be unpacked in their schoolroom. Tailors and shoemakers come and take measurings beforehand, so that everybody gets his own. To-day these artists having retired, carpenters and bricklayers are at work all about the place, and the great boys' school, which is larger still than the girls', is necessarily empty,—except that a group of teachers and monitors are standing in one corner talking and whispering together. The head master, with a black beard, comes down from a high desk in an

inner room, and tells us about the place—about the cleverness of the children, and the scholarship lately founded; how well many of the boys turn out in after life, and for what good positions they are fitted by the education they are able to receive here;—"though Jews," he said, "are debarred by their religious requirements from two-thirds of the employments which Christians are able to fill. Masters cannot afford to employ workmen who can only give their time from Monday to Friday afternoon. There are, therefore, only a very limited number of occupations open to us. Some of our boys rise to be ministers, and many become teachers here, in which case government allows them a certain portion of their salary."

The head mistress in the girls' school was not less kind and ready to answer our questions. During the winter mornings, hot bread and milk are given out to any girl who chooses to ask for it, but only about a hundred come forward, of the very hungriest and poorest. When we came away from — Square a day before, we had began to think that all poor Jews were well and warmly clad, and had time to curl their hair and to look clean and prosperous and respectable, but here, alas! comes the old story of want and sorrow and neglect. What are these brown, lean, wan little figures, in loose gowns falling from their shoulders—black eyes, fuzzy, unkempt hair, strange bead necklaces round their throats, and ear-rings in their ears? I fancied these must be the Poles and Russians, but when I spoke to one of them she smiled and answered very nicely, in perfectly good English, and told me she liked writing best of all, and showed me a copy very neat, even and legible.

Whole classes seemed busy sewing at lilac pinafores, which are, I suppose, a great national institution; others were ciphering and calling out the figures as the mistress chalked the sum upon a slate. Hebrew alphabets and sentences were hanging up upon the walls. All these little Hebrew maidens learn the language of their nation.

In the infant school, a very fat, little pouting baby, with dark eyes, and a little hook-nose and curly locks, and a blue necklace and funny ear-rings in her little rosy ears, came forward, grasping one of the mistresses' fingers.

"This is a good little girl," said that lady, "who knows her alphabet in Hebrew and in English."

And the little girl looks up very solemn, as children do, to whom every thing is of vast importance, and each little incident a great new fact. The infant schools do not make part of the Bell Lane Establishment,

though they are connected with it, and the children, as they grow up, and are infants no longer, draft off into the great free school.

The infant school is a light, new building close by, with arcaded playgrounds, and plenty of light and air and freshness, though it stands in this dreary, grimy region. As we come into the schoolrooms we find, piled up on steps at either end, great living heaps of little infants, swaying, kicking, shouting for their dinner, beating aimlessly about with little legs and arms. Little Jew babies are uncommonly like little Christians; just as funny, as hungry, as helpless, and happy now that the bowls of food come steaming in. One, two, three, four, five little cook-boys, in white jackets and caps and aprons, appear in a line, with trays upon their heads, like the processions out of the Arabian Nights; and as each cook-boy appears, the children cheer, and the potatoes steam hotter and hotter, and the mistresses begin to ladle them out.

Rice and browned potatoes is the manna given twice a week to these hungry little Israelites. I rather wish for the soup and pudding certain small Christians are gobbling up just about this time in another corner of London; but this but a halfpenny worth, while the other meal costs a penny. You may count by hundreds here instead of by tens; and I don't think there would be so much shouting at the little cook-boys if these hungry little beaks were not eager for their food. I was introduced to one little boy here, who seemed to be very much looked up to by his companions because he had one long curl right along the top of his head. As we were busy talking to him, a number of little things sitting on the floor were busy stroking and feeling with little gentle fingers the soft edges of a coat one of us had on, and the silk dress of a lady who was present.

The lady who takes chief charge of these four hundred babies told us how the mothers as well as the children got assistance here in many ways, sometimes coming for advice, sometimes for small loans of money, which they always faithfully repay. She also showed us letters from some of the boys who have left and prospered in life. One from a youth who has lately been elected alderman in some distant colony. She took us into a class-room and gave a lesson to some twenty little creatures, while, as it seemed to me, all the three hundred and eighty others were tapping at the door and begging to be let in. It was an object, and then a scripture lesson, and given with the help of old familiar pictures. There was Abraham with his beard, and Isaac and the ram, hanging up against the wall; there was Moses, and the Egyptians, and Joseph, and the sack and the

brethren, somewhat out of drawing. All these old friends gave one quite a homely feeling, and seemed to hold out friendly hands to us strangers and Philistines, standing within the gates of the chosen people.

Before we came away the mistress opened a door and showed us one of the prettiest and most touching sights I have ever seen. It was the arcaded playground full of happy, shouting, tumbling, scrambling little creatures: little tumbled-down ones kicking and shouting on the ground, absurd toddling races going on, whole files of little things wandering up and down with their arms round one another's necks: a happy, friendly little multitude indeed: a sight good for sore eyes.

And so I suppose people of all nations and religions love and tend their little ones, and watch and yearn over them. I have seen

little Catholics cared for by kind nuns with wistful tenderness, as the young ones came clinging to their black veils and playing with their chaplets;—little high-church maidens growing up rosy and happy amid crosses and mediæval texts, and chants, and dinners of fish, and kind and melancholy ladies in close caps and loose cut dresses;—little low-church children smiling and dropping courtesies as they see the Rev. Mr. Faith-in-grace coming up the lane with tracts in his big pockets about pious negroes, and broken vessels, and devouring worms, and I dare say pennies and sugar-plums as well.

Who has not seen and noted these things, and blessed with a thankful, humble heart that fatherly Providence which has sent this pure and tender religion of little children to all creeds and to all the world?

AN ODE TO THE JAPANESE.

BY THE BARD THAT SANG OF HEENAN.

O JAPANESE,

You're welcome to this shore!

We greet you as we greet the Orient breeze
Whose rustling robes have swept the perfumed seas;

You come as welcome as the earliest peas,—
Can soul of man say more?

Illustrious Pagans from the Nippon Isle,
Come to our arms—we'll while away a while
In pleasant talk and chat;

Tell us in sweet communion what you think
Of all you've seen, and with a latent wink
Tell us, *sub rosa*, what you'll take to drink—
Sweet Pagans, tell us that!

And we'll pay half the charges of a hack
To take you to the Central Park and back,
In short, we'll put you through;
We'll trot you out, we'll take you to the Tombs,
The City Hall, the Common Council rooms,
And the Volks Garten, too.

Will have a grand procession down Broadway,
Stop in the Park to see the engines play,
And zealous little boys
Shall black your boots—they'll charge you each
three cents,

But as you're guests, to share in the expense
Will swell Fernando's joys.

And Barnum then shall show his stock in trade,
Display to you the mermaid that you made—
You'll like his honest phiz.

And then perhaps he'll take you to the cage
Which holds "the living wonder of the age,"
And tell you what it is!

But have a care of Barnum's promptness, since
'Tis like he'll hire a Kami or a prince
To stand upon all fours,
And advertise next day, "Admission cheap
To an amphibious monster of the deep
That comes from Nippon's shores!"

And have a care lest Peter Funk may sell
A pinchbeck watch to some Celestial swell,
To some Man-darin man;
And watch lest ticket-swindlers come anon,
And sell to every Pagan mother's son
A ticket to Japan!

Should this be done, oh! do not cross the sea
In bitter wrath and poison our Bohea;

But promise, Japanese,
That though our Common Council bore your
ears,

That though we dot your heathen eyes with
tears,

You will not cross our teas!

C. H. W.

—*New York Times*.

A PHILOSOPHICAL work, "The Life, Doctrines, and Political Teachings of Polybius, of Greece, in Connection with the Political Theories of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Tacitus," by Professor A. Fichler, has appeared at Berlin.

From The Press.

Kitchi-Gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior. By J. G. Kohl, Author of "Travels in Russia." London: Chapman and Hall.

When Plato—according to his disciple Plutarch—was drawing near his end, and thanking the presiding genius of his life for whatever good fortune he had enjoyed, he congratulated himself, first of all, on having been born "a Greek and a man, and not a barbarian or a beast." Many more curious instances might be given of the vast gulf which the ancients put between themselves and the inferior races of the world. And yet, perhaps, the modern treatment of such races by the representatives of our civilization is hardly more kind, the modern view of them hardly more charitable. The only sociable savage, the Negro, is enslaved. The Polynesian is disappearing. The Red Indian has long been on the wane. It is the same story everywhere. When the European does not smite these variously colored brothers with the sword, he slays them still more fatally by his vices. Yet, for about a century—ever since Rousseau set the fashion—there has been an infinite degree of sentiment talked about them all. In fact, like the crocodiles in the old traveller's fancy, we devour them and shed tears over them at the same time. And it was not till the Red Indian, in particular, was seen to be hopelessly ruined, that Cooper took to celebrating him in fiction, and prepared the way for Longfellow to celebrate him in song. In a generation or two there will be nothing left of a gentler race but the "Island" of Byron, and the "Omoo and Typee" of Herman Melville.

The book before us is valuable as a contribution to our knowledge of the Red Indians, and excites many reflections akin to those just made. Who shall tell us why none of the *modern* barbarians embrace civilization, but all perish in contact with it? Is it that conquest is necessary to enable a race to civilize itself; and that when the civilized man is the master, there is nothing for the barbarian but to wither and die? Or is it that the modern is an inferior barbarian by nature and organization—*raw material* altogether below that of the German of Tacitus or the Celt of Cæsar? This, we confess, is the view we lean to ourselves, however impossible it may be to develop it in our present limits. We like Pinkerton's distinction between our own ancestors as "barbarians" (i.e. capable of civilization) and those races which are "savages," properly and strictly. Thus, in the classical world, individuals of the subjugated peoples beginning as slaves rose to

distinction in the society which had enthralled them. Their literature was enriched by names from Africa or Spain. But we see no such thing in the new Europe. No Malay genius wanders here from the Cape; no Red Indian philosopher from Canada. The most distinguished "colored people" have been partly of European blood; and no pure Negro—though with a large religious public ready to back him—has ever risen above mediocrity in any capacity whatever.

We find nothing to contradict this view in Mr. Kohl's interesting book, translated into readable English, and abridged as it is, by Mr. Lascelles Wrixall. Mr. Kohl, long known as a philosophic—that is as a rare species—of traveller, went to Lake Superior ("Kitchi-Gami") in the summer of 1855, and made a careful study of the Ojibbeways, of which we have here the record. His point of view is excellently selected: sympathy with the Indian, as becomes a right-feeling man, but no weak unreasoning sentimentality about him; recognition of his gifts and good qualities, but free from exaggeration either for effect or in favor of any theory. He did not carry a ready-made theory, above all, with him; but applied himself to collect carefully the facts about the race, and classified and reasoned from them as he went along.

Accordingly we have here a considerable mass of evidence, on new and good authority, about the Red Indians. No doubt a certain portion of the volume is occupied with things of which we have all heard much before,—the war-dance of the Indian, his paint and pipe, feathers and moccasins, the hut of his squaw and cradle of his little mahogany infant. But even in such matters the details are handled well, and made more intelligible in their relation to the climate, circumstances, and traditions of the people; while on higher subjects more novel matter is authoritatively given. Mr. Kohl doubts, for instance, the purity of the Monotheism sometimes attributed to them. The Ojibbeways seemed to him to use the word Kitchi-Manitou ("Great Spirit") as "the appellative of an entire class of Great Spirits." One old Indian told him there were "six" Great "Spirits," of whom one was "spiteful." He found, indeed, much confusion in their ideas on such subjects,—and an interesting part of his description is that where he shows us how the teachings of the old Catholic missionaries have *blended* with the native paganism, and formed new and peculiar beliefs—as in an Indian "Adam and Eve" and such-like. We may particularize, too, as valuable, his account of certain withdrawals from the world which

they made early in life to fast and dream for the sake of expected supernatural visions. Similar to this, in its bearings on their spiritual state, is the whole picture of their ruder superstitions—their fetish-worship of certain minerals, their strange opinions about bears and dogs, and their habitual use of charms and magic.

As to their manly virtues, Mr. Kohl does them full justice. They are brave, hospitable, liberal, incredibly active and patient in the chase, and remarkably lively even in extremities of privation. Here is an anecdote exhibiting the better side, generally, of the Red Indian's character:—

"An educated American told me a circumstance, proving, in a most affecting manner, how capable the Indians are of liberal charity, even in their own poverty. About twenty years back, he said that he was travelling in the savage north of Wisconsin. He and his two comrades had expended all their provisions. It was winter, and deep snow covered forest and plain, so that they found difficulty in advancing, and could not possibly kill any game. They marched on for three days without sustenance, and were in a state of deep distress. At length to their delight, they discovered an Indian lodge, entered it, and begged some food. Unfortunately, the Indians had nothing to offer, and replied to their guests' complaints with others even worse: 'We,' they said, 'have been fasting nearly so many weeks as you have days. The deep snow has prevented us killing any thing. Our two sons have gone out to-day, but they will return as usual, with empty hands. Other Indians, however, live twenty miles to the north, and it is possible they are better provided than we are.' The American and his comrades, tortured by hunger, set out at once on snow shoes to try

their luck with their neighbors; but they had scarce gone four or five miles, when they heard a yell behind them, and saw an Indian hurrying after them on snow shoes. 'Hi! halloh! you men, stop! Come back!' 'What's the matter?' 'Our lads have returned. They have shot a deer, and brought it home. We have now a supply, and I have hastened to tell you of it.' The European travellers turned back, and were stuffed with food, though the deer was small and the family large."

They deserve respect for this; yet it is not a more certain trait of their character than their undoubted cruelty,—exercised with cunning and enjoyed with rapture. A young Indian has been heard to boast of having scalped a woman; he had no particular reason either for the deed or the boast, but both came to him naturally.

The equally instructive parts of the work in which the writing and other "arts" of the Indians are described, will, in connection with some of their good social qualities, set many readers considering why there was no civilization of our type in store for those warring tribes. Were the Germans of Tacitus, as M. Guizot seems to think, really so very like them? Such questions are profoundly obscure. Wherever there are men, there will be some resemblance to other men. But the historical is the final test; and not only is that proving the Indian unfit for civilization, but there seems also reason to believe that in what social conditions he approaches nearest to it, he is really in a state of degeneracy from some higher state of things on his own continent.

Mr. Kohl's book is a concise and superior contribution to the ethnography of the west.

GREAT excitement is now existing in France among liberal men of letters as to the probable fate of Voltaire's literary relics. Through his niece (the first legate) and the Marquis de Villette, the entire personal property of Voltaire has descended to a French Prelate, *Mgr. de Dreux Breze*, Bishop of Meaux, one of the most intolerant and retrograde members of the Gallitan hierarchy, to whom the very name of the great writer must be a bugbear. "What will he do with it," is the question uppermost in the minds of the liberals. Considering the precious bequest, which includes even the heart of Voltaire preserved in a silver urn, an *Auto da Fé* of the invaluable relics, papers, etc., is more than hinted at, and seems to be quite within the power of the uncongenial possessor.

LORD CARLISLE relates a characteristic instance of Macaulay's readiness in apt quotation from the stores of his vast memory. They were together in a literary circle when Lady Morgan was indulging in some "persiflage" on serious subjects immediately after the discussion of a fatal accident arising by the fall of some houses in Tottenham Court Road (which was said by the Edinburgh Review to have suggested the catastrophe of "Little Dorrit"). While the conversation was going on, Macaulay whispered to his companion:

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female Atheist talks you dead,"

a couplet from Dr. Johnson's "London," in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.*

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

We have watched him to the last;
 We have seen the dreaded king
 Smile pacific as he past
 By that couch of suffering:
 Wrinkles of aggressive years,
 Channels of unwitnessed tears,
 Furrows on the anxious brow,
 All are smooth as childhood's now!
 Death, as seen by men in dreams,
 Something stern and cruel seems—
 But his face is not the same,
 When he comes into the room,
 Takes the hand and names the name,
 Seals the eyes with tender gloom,
 Saying: "Blessed are the laws
 To which all God's creatures bend:
 Mortal! fear me not, because
 Thine inevitable friend!"

So, when all the limbs were still,
 Moved no more by sense or will,
 Reverent hands the body laid
 In the church's pitying shade,
 With the pious rites that fall
 Like the raindrops upon all.
 What could man refuse or grant
 The spiritual inhabitant,
 Who so long had ruled within
 With power to sin or not to sin?
 Nothing. Hope, and hope alone,
 Mates with death. Upon a stone
 Let the simple name be writ,
 Traced upon the infant's front
 Years ago: and under it,
 As with Christian folk is wont,
 "Requiescat," or may be
 Symbol letters, R. I. P.

Rest is happy, rest is right,
 Rest is precious in God's sight.
 But if he who lies below,
 Out of an abundant heart
 Drawing remedies for woe,
 Never wearied to impart
 Blessings to his fellow-men;
 If he never rested then,
 But each harvest gathered seed
 For the future word and deed,
 And the darkness of his kind
 Filled him with such endless ruth,
 That the very light of truth
 Pained him walking 'mid the blind,—
 How, when some transcendent change
 Gives his being boundless range,
 When he knows not time or space,
 In the nearness of God's face,
 In the world of spirits how
 Shall that soul be resting now?

* We have reason to believe that this poem has been printed in some collection in the United States, but it has never been published in this country.

While one creature is unblest,
 How can such as he have rest?

"Rest in peace," the legend runs;
 Rest is sweet to Adam's sons.
 But can he, whose busy brain
 Worked within this hollow skull
 Now his zeal for truth restrain,
 Now his subtle fancy dull,
 When he wanders spirit-free,
 Young in his immortality?
 While on earth he only bore
 Life as it was linked with lore,
 And the infinite increase
 Of knowledge was his only peace:
 Till that knowledge be possessed,
 How can such a mind have rest?

Rest is happy; rest is meet
 For well-worn and weary feet;
 Surely, not for him, on whom
 Ponderous stands the pompous tomb,
 Prompt to blind the future's eyes
 With gilt deceit and blazoned lies:
 Him, who never used his powers
 To speed for good the waiting hours,—
 Made none wiser for his seeing,
 Made none better for his being—
 Closed his eyes, lest others' woes
 Should disturb his base repose—
 Catching at each selfish zest;
 How can he have right to rest?
 Rather we would deem him driven
 Anywhere in search of heaven,
 Failing ever in the quest,
 Till he learns it is not given
 That man should by himself be blest.

Here we struggle with the light,—
 And, when comes the fated night,
 Into nature's lap we fall,
 Like tired children, one and all.
 Day and labor, night and rest,
 Come together in our mind,
 And we image forth the blest
 To eternal calm resigned:
 Yet it may be that the abyss
 Of the lost is only this—
 That for them all things to come
 Are inanimate and dumb,
 And immortal life they steep
 In dishonorable sleep:
 While no power of pause is given
 To the inheritors of heaven;
 And the holiest still are those
 Who are furthest from repose,
 And yet onward, onward press
 To a loftier holiness;
 Still becoming, more than being,
 Apprehending, more than seeing,
 Feeling, as from orb to orb
 In their awful course they run,
 How their souls new light absorb
 From the self-existing One,
 Demiurgos, throned above,
 Mind of mind, and love of love.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

HO! FOR THE POLE!

To the Editors of the N. Y. Evening Post:
 —At a moment when another expedition is projected in the hopes of reaching the North Pole, it may interest your readers to learn what proofs exist of the practicableness of the enterprise. In two or more letters I will endeavor to lay before them, succinctly, the reasons which induce a few to believe that Dr. Hayes may be able to sail to the pole itself. It is the writer's firm belief that the consummation of such an attempt depends solely upon the concurrence of circumstances which have often been favorable in the highest degree, but have happened to be otherwise at the particular times when attempts have been made by expeditions sent out by governments. Perhaps it might be added that government enterprises, fettered by red-tape routine and prejudice, often disregard or seek to compel conditions of success which private undertakings, ever alive to their own interest, seek to study out and improve, and then are successful by observing.

IS THERE AN OPEN SEA AT THE NORTH POLE?

For the last two hundred and seventy years it has been the opinion of all those navigators, geographers, and philosophers who have given the closest attention to the subject, or who have adventured furthest into the polar seas, that north of Spitzbergen, and within the polar circle, the ocean was open, and at certain or particular seasons unencumbered by ice. Such was the conclusion arrived at by "that most persevering seaman," the arctic Columbus, William Barentz, of Amsterdam, who first discovered Spitzbergen, in 1696, and explored the north and eastern coast of Nova Zembla, and died after he had solved the problem of the possibility of Europeans wintering at the extreme north, but before he had enjoyed either the fame or the fruits of his intrepidity and conduct.

That exploring expeditions sent out by different governments have never sailed upon this open polar sea, but have invariably encountered a barrier of ice in the latitude of the northernmost Spitzbergen Archipelago is a proof of nothing more than that they did not *happen* to be north when a propitious season, or concurring circumstances, threw open the icy portals of that arctic ocean, and extended a silent but certain welcome to enterprise and daring.

But, although national expeditions have failed, more than one ship has ploughed its waters free of ice in the pursuit of gain or for the gratification of curiosity. Moreover that sea, which has upborne several Dutch whal-

ers to within one or two degrees of the pole, and even, it is probable, to the pole itself, presented visible demonstrations of its existence to the eye of Morton (Kane's subordinate), even as its roar through many a weary winter hour, announced its gale-wrought fury, free of icy fetters, to the ear of Barentz, as if to cheer him with a proof of that great truth, which his master mind had worked out, although ocular demonstration was denied to his fearless search.

The idea of a free polar ocean is nothing new. Colonel Beaufoy, in the first years of this century, published a work "On the North Pole," which to an unprejudiced mind, is as conclusive in its proofs as any thing can be which depends upon circumstantial evidence, corroborating testimony which has never been as it were legally perpetuated.

One hundred and sixty-five years ago, Peter Plancius, a Dutch theologian mathematician, and even statesman of no mean repute, but better known as a geographer, indicated the possibility of that very polar circumnavigation which McClure achieved, and Barentz bored into the ice north-east of Europe and pointed out with his finger to Dutch mariners of his generation that north-eastern arctic exploration beyond which it is conceded no other nation has since penetrated.

Before mentioning in concise language the different mariners who have claimed or are conceded to have navigated an open polar sea within the arctic circle, let us consider the proofs which nature brings forward to establish the fact of its existence.

First—Whalers who have made their way through the supposed icy barrier along the arctic line (80° N.) have found the waters which unsuccessful explorers declared the region of eternal ice, prolific in whales, and pursued them over "hollow grown" seas, urged southward by northerly winds, waves of sufficient magnitude to require a long and uninterrupted roll, proving that the northerly wind had been blowing over a landless, iceless expanse of water.

Second—Those Hollanders and Russians who have wintered upon the northern coasts of Spitzbergen, likewise those seamen who have made their way thither early in the fishing seasons, declare that in the spring a great number of wild geese, ducks and marine birds take their flight further north. Parry, in July 12, 1827, saw, when all was ice around and before him, two seals, a fish, and a bird near eighty-three degrees north, and still further on a *rotge*, a marine bird, when he attempted to reach the pole over the ice. Is it reasonable to suppose that whales, amphibii and birds would, with each returning year, resort to a region of

eternal ice and desolation which, were such the fact, could afford no certain means of subsistence to either?

Third—Quite a number of mariners, who have sailed to the north of Spitzbergen, relate that they experienced more suffering and cold from southerly than from northerly winds, showing that the former rather than the latter, blew from the ice to the south, and that to the northward the sea was open and free of ice.

Fourth—Morton sent forward by Kane, looked northwards from Cape Constitution in eighty-one degrees twenty-three minutes north (an elevation of four hundred and eighty feet, commanding an horizon of almost forty miles) upon a great waste of waters without a speck of ice, and alive with marine birds, while, below him, a surf (the sure indication of an open sea) broke upon the rocks below.

Fifth—Barentz, in midwinter, imprisoned by the ice on the northeast shore of Nova Zembla, heard and recorded that outside the coast ice he distinctly heard the icebergs and fields continually heaved, dashed, and ground together and broken up with a most horrible noise, by an impetuous sea from the north, a sea driven upon the coast by gales, which, to create such a sea, must have blown over a vast unfrozen ocean.

Sixth—Marten (universally conceded to be one of the most reliable authorities in regard to polar navigation) reports, in regard to the weather often experienced at the far north, that on July 24th, 1671, when at the northern extremity of Spitzbergen, "the tar wherewith the ship was daubed over melted." Upon other occasions he mentions "warm weather;" and Scoresby, Junior, records a degree of heat upon the eastern coast of Greenland, up Hurry Inlet about seventy-one degrees north, as oppressive as any experienced by those who had been in the torrid regions; and the Dutch captain, with the truth of whose relations the English northern company were perfectly satisfied, stated that he had sailed to eighty-nine degrees, within one degree of the pole, in as hot weather as he had ever experienced at Amsterdam in midsummer.

Finally, Barentz, whilst he wintered in Nova Zembla, the Russians, who wintered in Maloy Zerum, east of Spitzbergen, and parties who have wintered at Kola in Lapland, and in the northernmost regions of Europe attest that the cold diminishes with the northerly wind, proving incontestably that it cannot blow over an ice-bound, but on the contrary, over an open and iceless sea.

So much for nature's testimony in favor of a navigable circumpolar ocean. In my next

letter I will furnish a list of those who have adventured upon it.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:—In my last letter I recapitulated a number of proofs which nature herself affords of the existence of an open polar sea. I will now proceed to the consideration of the earliest voyages which are known to have been made to the shores upon which its surf breaks. The main interest of this subject consists in the fact that the earliest and remotest discoveries made upon the east shore of West or Lost Greenland the northernmost headlands of Spitzbergen or New Friesland, or East Greenland, and three-quarters of the coast of Nova Zembla, are due to the natives of the writer's fatherland, at periods ranging from two hundred and six to two hundred and sixty-four years before the year in which we live.

First, in 1696, two Dutch ships sailed from Holland on a voyage of Arctic discovery, under the command of Jacob van Heemskerck—afterwards one of the most distinguished of the long succession of victorious thalassarchs of Holland—the other by Jan Cornelis Ryp, both under the supreme guidance of that extraordinary man, William Barentz, of Amsterdam, whose name deserves to stand as high among Arctic navigators as Columbus among the discoverers of new lands. In the course of this voyage, on the 9th June, 1596, Barentz discovered Bear Island, an honor which the English endeavored to steal from him by supplanting it with Cherie, the name of a patron of an expedition which re-discovered it in 1603. On the 17th of the same month and year Barentz discovered the northernmost point of Spitzbergen in 80° 10' north; an honor stolen in a measure from him by the English, and accorded without due investigation, by Lippincott in his *Gazetteer* to Willoughby, in 1553, who is reported to have seen land through the fog, mist or "frost rime," or "smoke," or imagined that he did so. He did not live, however, to explain what he had seen, whether land in truth, or a polar *fata morgana*, for he and his whole ship's company were frozen to death on his return voyage. Barentz then ran down and examined the whole west coast of Spitzbergen proper, or New Friesland, and on the 7th July, same year, 1596, doubled the northernmost point of Nova Zembla, in 77 degrees north, and wintered on the eastern coast, dying, to the great detriment of science and further polar enterprise, on his way home.

We have cited this voyage as the first, because it was the most comprehensive, and,

taken altogether, the most successful. Two years previously, however, (1594,) Barentz explored the whole northern and western coast of Nova Zembla, affording such ample information in regard to that land of desolation, that of what the Dutchman left unexplored we know but little more at the present day than what he informed us.

Thus we see that the glory of discovering and exploring the three great Arctic insular appendages of the European continent belongs to the Dutch and the sixteenth century.

This bold mariner Barentz lived and died in the firm belief of an Arctic ocean, and each hour of his life added strength to his convictions of the existence of a navigable polar sea. To him that bugbear of less persevering and intrepid men, that barrier of eternal ice, appeared no more than the result of accident or the formation of a peculiar season, an obstacle difficult at all times to overcome, but which could be overcome, in the majority of instances, by understanding the laws which governed its creation, and by taking advantage of every propitious circumstance and hour.

"The slothful man saith There is a lion in the way," and makes it the excuse to turn back or flee. The arctic explorer who goes not forth holding his life in his hand, will always find excuses for turning back and arguments against a navigable polar ocean. But to a hero like our Kane, England's Franklin, or Holland's Barentz, success is certain if circumstances are only ordinarily propitious. Kane, frail in constitution, but gigantic in spirit, saw that sea with the eyes of his subordinate; that sea which Franklin may have seen and Barentz believed in, nay more, knew to exist, because his eyes had beheld its respirations, like an earthquake, upheave and break in pieces the ice-fields besetting his winter habitation.

In the midst of the North Atlantic Ocean, like the apex of a bastion thrown out from the curtain of the traditional ice barrier, lies a small island in the latitude of about seventy-one degrees north and eight degrees west of Greenwich. This lone mass of volcanic rock—at one time the centre of a branch of the Dutch mid-sea whale-fishery—was discovered in 1611 or 1612, by Jan Mayen, a Dutch whaling captain, who named it Mauritius Island, or the Island of St. Maurice, in honor of the celebrated Prince of Maurice stadtholder of Holland. Here, again, the English have once more attempted to appropriate to themselves the honor of a Dutch discovery by styling it Trinity Island; attributed the credit of first visiting its shores to the whale fishermen of Hull. Fortunately the claim of the hardy discoverer was too well established for even English arrogance,

and it is always recognized by the world as the Island of Jan Mayen. In the midst of its northern rhomboidal extremity, towering aloft amid an encircling group of remarkable icebergs, the volcano Beerenberg rises like a natural lighthouse to the height of 6,870 feet, crowned with ice and visible from the deck of a ship at the distance of one hundred miles.

Upon this Jan Mayen, as upon Spitzbergen, the Dutch whaling company endeavored to establish a colony in the winter of 1633-34. The seven seamen left there suffered little from the severities of the winter season, but all perished by the scurvy in the spring. They are the only human beings who ever dared to winter over there. The first seven Dutch colonists upon Spitzbergen, in 1633, hibernated on it with the best success; but seven others, who repeated the experiment in the succeeding year, perished, not from the cold, but from the scurvy. These facts, with the result of two forcible sojourns made by the English and regular establishments of Russian seal hunters, both upon Spitzbergen and Maloy Berum, an island to the eastward of the Spitzbergen group, prove that, with the advantage of modern remedies against scurvy, a party may winter in the arctic circle without prejudice to health. From observations made by the Russian sojourners, as well as the reports of those who have examined their narratives closely, it is almost incontestably demonstrated, not only that during many seasons the Polar Ocean is unencumbered with any ice sufficient to impede its exploration, but that, by wintering at the far north and taking advantage of the earliest season of navigation, before the icebergs are set free by the increasing heat, vessels can sail to the very pole.

Nay, more, it was proposed about a century since to obviate the great difficulty attending Parry's attempt in 1827 over the ice, namely the melting of the snow upon the ice, as well as the softening of the ice itself by the comparatively intense heat of the summer, by sailing over that very ice during the winter in ice boats (common centuries ago among the Dutch), such as are seen every year at the proper season flying like lightning over the frozen surface of our own noble river, named after its discoverer, Hudson, of the Dutch service.

The Dutch, in their adventurous career of discovery steered along the coast of Greenland before any other nation dared to attempt the perilous voyage. Beyond the 75th degree north, and almost on the parallel of Bear Island, in 74° 30', a bold headland thrusts itself out into the Northern Atlantic, which has proved the *ultima Thule*

of even modern exploration. This foreland, estimated to rise to the height of three thousand feet, takes the name from Gale Hamkes, a Dutch captain, who, in command of the whale ship *Orangeboven*, or *Orangeboom*, saw it first in 1654, thus securing to his nation the imperishable honor of the earliest and furthest navigation along the western shores of that ocean whose eastern waters were furrowed by the keel of Barentz, thirty-eight years previously.

When Gale Hamkes' foreland is mentioned as the *ultima Thule* of even modern discovery, it is but just to add that it is the furthest exploration corroborated by modern rediscovery. The coast three degrees to the northwards, however, in 78° or 80° , laid down upon maps as the Land of Edam, was discovered in 1655, according to Forster, by the Dutch. Whence it derived its name, whether from a shipmaster, or a ship, or the town of Edam, on the Zuyder Zee, near Amsterdam, in North Holland, is not known; but most likely it was from the last two, directly from the ship, remotely from the sea-port from whence the former sailed, in the same way that an island near Batavia, on the coast of Java, received its name from the same city.

But we will examine further hereafter into more recent arctic discoveries made by the Dutch.

This eastern coast of Greenland is often styled Old or Lost Greenland, because for many years it was unvisited and lost, as it were, to the world. It was rediscovered in 1587 by Davis, and in 1607 by Hendrick Hudson. Yet this very coast was at one

time (eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries) extensively settled by colonies of Icelanders, who had homesteads and even cattle, and were supplied with governors and bishops by the Norwegian and Danish governments. Their descendants are still supposed to dwell there; at all events, inhabitants, whether Scandinavian or Esquimaux, are known to exist where they settled in a degenerated condition, proving the possibility of civilized men wintering and preserving life with success in the most northern latitudes.

The north-westernmost portion of Greenland—long supposed to be a peninsula, but now known to be an island—lying between the northern Atlantic Ocean and Baffin's Bay, which contracts itself into Kane's Sea, and by Kennedy's Channel communicates with the Polar Ocean, is that Washington Land from whose lofty northernmost foreland, Cape Constitution, Morton, Kane's subordinate, looked forth upon the open Polar Sea, and saw and heard its surf break upon the rocks below.

Now, if it is possible to winter with safety upon the shores of the Polar Ocean, of which there can no longer be any doubt, what is to hinder Dr. Hayes from taking such a course, and then, before the summer heat detaches the coast ice, launching forth upon the Polar Sea and sailing to the pole?

Unprejudiced minds believe that he can. His former career attests that he will, provided due means are afforded him. Will he be the first navigator of that sea? No! In a succeeding letter I will endeavor to enumerate all the navigations made upon it.

ANCHOR.

THE fourth volume of Rawlinson's new annotated edition of "Herodotus" is just issued in London, completing that great classical work, with a full index, list of authors, and editions quoted, and their apparatus. The third volume of Messrs. Appleton's reprint has lately appeared, and they will lose no time in presenting the finished book to American students. Until some new Layards and Lepsius come forward with discoveries of equal importance to those which have immortalized their names (a thing scarcely to be expected in our generation), nothing can affect the value of this great treasure house of information respecting the ancient world.

ONE incident in the Spanish expedition to Morocco is rather curious, in an archæological and historical point of view. The Spaniards found at Tetuan the canons taken from the Portuguese by the Moors, on the occasion of Don Sebastian's unfortunate expedition in the sixteenth century. They have all been sent to Portugal by the Spanish government, and will no doubt find a place in the Lisbon Museum.

A NEW "Histoire de la Famille Bonaparte, depuis son origine jusqu'en 1860," by Messrs. D. L. Ambrossini and Adolphe Huard, has been issued by Lebigre-Duguesne, Paris. It is said to be based on new genealogical researches.

DEATH OF S. G. GOODRICH.

THE obituary columns of to-day's city papers contain the announcement of the death of one of the oldest and most popular of American authors, Samuel Griswold Goodrich, better known as "Peter Parley," and, by the latter pseudonym, familiar to the great majority of children in this country.

Mrs. Barbauld, in England, was one of the first to make juvenile literature a speciality, but her fame in this line has been lately eclipsed by that of Mr. Goodrich. He wrote in that easy, colloquial style which at once attracts a child's attention, and some ten or fifteen years ago his works were at the height of their popularity. His success attracted others to the same line of literature, and at the present date Peter Parley's works are, to a great extent, rivalled, if not superseded, by those of later writers—imitators, perhaps, but often equaling the original. Mr. Goodrich may, however, have the credit of really opening the mine of juvenile literature in which the Abbotts, Captain Mayne Reid, Miss Sewell, A. L. O. E. and others have since so successfully worked.

Samuel Griswold Goodrich was born in the town of Ridgefield, Connecticut, on the 19th of August, 1793, and was descended from a family which had already distinguished itself in the literary world. He was a nephew of Chauncey Allen Goodrich, an eminent American divine and scholar, who assisted Dr. Noah Webster and Mr. Worcester in their lexicographical pursuits. He counted among his ancestors some of the most learned scholars and prominent statesmen of the early years of the American republic, and appears to have transmitted his literary ability to his descendants, as he leaves a son, who has already attained a fair literary reputation. In 1824, Mr. Goodrich established himself in business in Hartford, but subsequently removed to Boston. From 1828 to 1842 he edited "The Token," an annual of the style so popular a few years ago. While he wrote for this work himself, he did not neglect to secure efficient aid, numbering Hawthorne among his contributors, as well as Edward Everett, Bishop Doane, Longfellow, Pierpont, Cushing, Tuckerman, Orville Dewey, Charles Sprague, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood, N. P. Willis, W. G. Clark, J. T. Fields and others. In 1827, he commenced the publication of tales under the name of Peter Parley, continuing them till 1857, at an average of one volume each year. At the same time he had other serial works in hand, including "Parley's Historical Compend," "Parley's Cabinet Library," "Merry's Museum," and a number of school-books, historical and geographical. In 1838,

he published a duodecimo volume of poetry, entitled "The Outcast and other Poems," and in 1851 another, under the simple title of "Poems." An octavo, "*Les Etats Unis d' Amerique*," was published in Paris in 1852, and these, with "Sketches from a Student's Window" (1841), "Ireland and the Irish" (1842), "The Gem Book of British Poetry" (1854), and "Five Letters to my Neighbor Smith," were his principal works, other than those of the Parley series, and those geographical and historical. Of the latter class his "History of All Nations, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time—in which the History of every Nation, Ancient and Modern, is separately given," is worthy of notice rather as an example of the author's skill at compilation and condensation; for few writers we apprehend, would attempt to condense the history of the human race in an octavo of twelve hundred pages.

In 1857 Mr. Goodrich published what he considered to be the crowning work of his life—his "Recollections of a Lifetime, or Men and Things that I have Seen." In this volume he gives, in a series of familiar letters, lively reminiscences of eminent men, distinguished in the walks of literature, art, and politics, with whom he had associated in the course of his long and busy life. Statesmen, painters, singers, presidents, actors, authors, and divines are all brought within the compass of this work, and there are comparatively few men of celebrity in this country who are not alluded to. Nor is his idolon Peter Parley forgotten; for it appears that other parties claimed to be the veritable "Peter Parley," and Mr. Goodrich had to defend his rights. Speaking of his own literary labors, he gives a complete list of his published works, so far as he can remember, and then remarks:—

"I thus stand before the public as the author and editor of about one hundred and seventy volumes, one hundred and sixteen bearing the name of Peter Parley. Of all these, about seven millions of volumes have been sold; about three hundred thousand volumes are now [1857] sold annually."

Notwithstanding the fact that a large number of spurious Parley books were published by various parties, Mr. Goodrich made a large fortune from the genuine works.

Although such a fertile writer, Mr. Goodrich took an active interest in politics, and was at one time a member of the Massachusetts Senate and a candidate for Congress. He was also appointed, by President Fillmore, United States Consul to Paris, and resided there several years. His decease was quite sudden. We saw him but a week

ago, down town, as hale and fresh looking as though he were scarce half a century old, instead of being in his sixty-seventh year. During the last few days he was occupied in removing his residence to a country place in Connecticut. On Tuesday afternoon, while in this city, he was taken ill, and the physician summoned declared that his ailment was an affection of the heart. On Wednesday afternoon he became worse, and a few moments after four o'clock he breathed his last. His funeral will take place to-morrow, at ten o'clock, at St. Bartholomew's Church, corner of Great Jones Street and Lafayette Place.—*N. Y. Evening Post*, 11 May.

GEORGE BANCROFT ON WASHINGTON IRVING.

[Spoken at a meeting of the New York Historical Society.]

MEMORY cherishes the lovely qualities and beautiful career of our friend who has just ceased to be mortal; but words are wanting to portray his genius and his virtues. No American since Washington has taken with him to the grave the undivided affection of the American people like Irving. And it is right that it should be so. He came into the world just as a treaty with England gave our republic a recognized existence among the nations; and he was lulled in his cradle by the pleasant songs of returning peace. The first great solemnity that he gazed upon in his childhood was the inauguration of our constitution; so that the early life of him who was called to take the foremost part in creating an American literature, was bathed in the purest dews of our country's morning. As he grew up, his genial humor was nursed by the traditions and inspirations of his own native state; he opened his heart to all the pleasant influences that surrounded him; he made himself one with nature as she reveals herself in her glory along the Hudson; and, when he was scarce six-and-twenty years old, he had written what the world will not suffer to be forgotten.

Thus far his literary activity had been the outgoing of the joyousness of youth; his mind was to be ripened, his character to be matured, his rightful career to be made plain by the trials of affliction. He had loved and been beloved; and he watched, to use his own words, "beauty and innocence languish into the tomb." The being was departed whom he had loved as he never again was to love in this world, who had loved him as he was never again to be loved; and the glad some humor that marked his entrance into life had become, not subdued, but tinged by a sweet-souled melancholy, and a large and more earnest sympathy with his kind. Now, when

he stood midway in the path of human life, of a sudden his outward fortune was swept away and disappeared, and he was left in possession of nothing but his own mind. Blessed adversity! that opened to him the treasures which lay heaped up within his soul. Sorrow and misfortune only brought out in its brightness the purity of his nature, and were but as clouds that reflect the sunshine in a thousand hues.

In a foreign land, alone, impoverished, bereaved, he was so good and true we might almost say angels ministered to him. He looked with serene wisdom upon the angry waves that threatened him, and they passed under him without harm.

The career of letters now claimed him for its service. He had not been deeply read in books; but his mind was richly stored with images of beauty and primal truths, and he knew nature by heart. The English language, which better than any other can express the sincerity of affection, the delicacy of sentiment, the freshness of rural scenes, spread out its boundless wealth as his own; and at that period of what he himself calls "his troubled life," he conquered for himself fame and good-will wherever that language is spoken.

It was at this period of his life that, during a summer at Paris, I formed with him that relation of friendly intimacy which grew in strength to the last. Time has in a measure effaced the relative difference of our years, but then he was almost twice as old as I. As we roamed together over the fields round Paris, many an earnest, and noble, and encouraging word fell from him for my behalf; and sometimes he would speak to me of his own occupations. How he proceeded with descriptions, I cannot say; but I found that where he gave expression to feeling, he would write continuously, pouring out as it were at one gush all he intended to give forth. One evening, after we had been many hours together, he took me to his room and read to me what he had written at one sitting, without pause, under one inspiration, and almost without interlineation or erasure.

I remember it to this day: it was his *St. Mark's Eve*, from the words "I am now alone in my chamber," to the end. He that studies such passages closely will find confessions of Irving's own inward experience and affections.

As an historian, Irving stands in the front rank. His life of Columbus has all kind of merit—research, critical judgment, interest in the narrative, picturesque description and golden style; exquisite in the melody of its cadences and its choice of words. His life of Washington, which is still dear to the

American people, is a marvel. No one has so painted the father of his country to the life; modestly disclaiming great extent of original research, he has yet added much that was not known before. But what distinguishes him is the grace and facility of his movement. He writes American history, as it were, by the aid of special endowments; he takes with him a candor that never fails; a clear, impartial judgment, and an unrivalled keenness of insight into character. He may err in minor details, but never in the general effect. No one has drawn so true, and touching, and vivid a picture of Washington in his retirement as Irving, who published it while suffering from prostration of the nerves, a depression of spirits, and that attack of asthma which harassed him to the last.

Nor let it be forgotten that Irving is a native of our own New York. Like Chaucer, and Milton, and Pope, and Gray, his birth-place was in the heart of a city. Among the Greeks, when a victor returned from the Olympian games, the citizens of his own home, esteemed his prizes their own, went out to welcome his return, and would even break down the walls to receive him in greater triumph. Our Irving has wrestled in the game of life, and came off the conqueror; he has gone to his long home; on the mildest of winter days we have surrounded him with flowers and laid him among his kindred, and his spirit in its flight has been borne upward on the affections of countless multitudes. Now, what shall we do here to mark for him our veneration and love? He gave to this city of merchants fame throughout the world of letters. Will not, then, the merchants of New York raise to his memory a statue of purest marble? It would be the payment of a debt to his fame, a just tribute to his virtues, a lesson to the rising generations. Fathers might then take their sons to gaze on his lineaments, and say, "There is the man who during more than fifty years employed his pen as none other could have done, and in all that time never wrote one word that was tainted by scepticism, nor one line that was not as chaste and pure as the violets of spring."

From the N. Y. Evening Post, 4 May.

MR. GLADSTONE'S INSTALLATION.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—JOHN BIGELOW.]

Ayr, April 17, 1860.

YESTERDAY was a great day in the British Athens, for it was to witness the installation of Mr. Gladstone as lord rector of the university, and no event short of the landing of a French army in the Clyde could have been more absorbing. I confess I shared in

the general feeling. Only a few days before I left London, one of the most prominent members of the House of Commons, and not precisely of Mr. Gladstone's school of politics either, directed my attention to him and said, "That is the most remarkable man that ever sat in this house;" and added after a very slight pause, "Take him all together, certainly his career through the present session has been a succession of administrative and dialectical triumphs quite unparalleled within the recollection of any of the present members of the British parliament. He has astonished every one by the skill with which he has taken his ground, and by his resources in defending it. His opponents, who used to be great men and formidable dialecticians, seem to have dwarfed under the spell of his eloquence, and even his own chieftains, Palmerston and Russell, find themselves, without suspecting the change, revolving as satellites around him. Indeed, Brougham is reported to have said that Gladstone's speech on the Budget was the finest speech he ever heard in parliament, except his own in defence of Queen Caroline.

I thought the occasion would be as favorable as any that would be likely to offer, for me to see and hear Mr. Gladstone to the best advantage, and so, at considerable inconvenience and expense, I secured a ticket and went up. As this is the first lord rector the university of Edinburgh has ever chosen, a local council having hitherto managed its affairs, it became necessary to provide a robe for the incumbent, and the splendor and expense of this integument has been the subject of the most inflammatory gossip for several days. The last report that reached me before I saw it was that it could stand alone, so stiffened was it with gold. The rumors, however, unlike stones, had gathered by rolling, for it had very little gold; the manchettes were purple velvet, and the rest of some suitable black fabric. I afterwards learned that the whole affair cost fifty guineas, to meet which expense each student was required to pay two shillings for his ticket. It was a little large, and the orator had great difficulty in keeping it on and in preserving the freedom of his hands and arms, but on the whole it disfigured him as little as such trappings could disfigure any one, perhaps.

The doors were opened at eleven, an hour before the exercises were to begin. I was warned to be early, and, consequently, went among the first. The room soon filled, students composing the bulk of the audience. I soon had evidence that students in Scotland are very much like students in all other parts of the world. Every person that came in related in any way to the university had a

special reception; some with cheers, not a few with hisses and groans, for these occasions are the grand assize, where students avenge the real or imaginary wrongs they have sustained from their superiors, who are in all other ways inaccessible to them. When Professor Swinton came in he was greeted with a storm of hisses, because in a snow-balling *émeut* last winter he had threatened to call in the police. When Professor Blackie came in he was received with clapping of hands and shouts of laughter provoked by his professional cap, which, in a spirit of somewhat extravagant nationality, he had edged with tartan plaid. The poor little man was glad to get his cap off his head and out of sight as soon as possible. Pretty soon John Hope, the great temperance authority in Edinburgh, appeared. He was greeted, as temperance is everywhere, with the most friendly and with the most unfriendly demonstrations at the same time. The ladies, too, received more than their share of embarrassing attentions. Some of them had to cross in the rear of the stage along some elevated seats with no screen or bench in front. The walk was so narrow that their crinolines were pushed by the bench quite to one side. These occasions always brought down the house, to the infinite distress of the unhappy victim, who often sat down blushing to the roots of her hair, and not suspecting the cause of these extraordinary attentions.

When finally Sir David Brewster, the vice-chancellor of the university, now quite a feeble old man, arrived, preceded by the mace-bearer and followed by Mr. Gladstone, the whole house arose and the applause was deafening and continuous. It was not certain that the reception of Mr. Gladstone would be unanimous, for he was elected by a comparatively small majority over a large and heated minority; but I heard several who voted for his rival say that they were now glad Gladstone was chosen; and his reception showed that that feeling was pretty much unanimous. This interested me, as an evidence of the impression which his parliamentary achievements during the last few months have made upon these secluded boys.

The exercises were opened with prayer, and then the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Gladstone and six other gentlemen, all Scotchmen, I believe, except the Rev. H. I. Mansel, Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy in Oxford. Each was presented for the degree by Mr. Swinton, Professor of Law and chairman of the *Senatus Academicus*, which make the selections for these honors, the nominations being accompanied by a short and eulogistic speech,

setting forth the gentleman's claims to such literary distinction.

This over, Mr. David Hall one of the students, and on their behalf, came forward to present Mr. Gladstone to the vice-chancellor as the students' choice for rector. He did it in a neat and graceful speech auspicious of still better things in the years to come.

Mr. Gladstone then took his position by the desk, laid down a pile of manuscript, pulled out of his pocket something which, from my proximity, I afterwards discovered was a little flask with a cork that unscrewed, and a false bottom that made a cup; emptied something into the cup, and then addressed himself to the work of the day.

His appearance is eminently prepossessing. He has a fine figure, rather spare, without being thin, and a bilious nervous temperament, so admirably blended that it is difficult to say which element predominates, for, while his eyes are black and sparkle like jets, his hair is only dark; in his youth it might have been quite light. Though still a comparatively young man, however—he is just fifty-one—the deep lines of his face, not to speak of the thinning of his hair upon the top of his head, show that he has led a laborious and thoughtful life. His complexion is pale, and the expression of his features unchangeable. Had a photographer taken his likeness every second from his first entrance into the hall until he had more than half finished his address, it would have been difficult to have detected the slightest variation in the several impressions. He bowed slightly to applause once or twice, but not a change, even of color, was apparent on his marble features. He has a square head, rather flat, for my taste, on top—much such a head as Walter Scott's would be if divided horizontally, about midway between the highest point of the skull and the base of the brain, and the upper section removed. The residuum would give very nearly the proportion, though, perhaps, not the bulk, of Mr. Gladstone's head. The forehead is a little more than medium height and breadth, and shaped more like Brougham's than that of any other public man that I think of. It is like a square, solid block placed over his eyes like an architrave. His voice is melodious and penetrating, with ample range for any oratorical purposes. His declamation disappointed me. He measured out his cadences a little in the schoolboy fashion, and I should have said, if I had heard him then for the first time, knowing nothing about him, that he was not a practised speaker. It was obvious that this was partly, if not entirely, owing to the necessity of reading his discourse, for when he got through its

historical matter and returned home, as it were, to his own country and his own time, he seemed emancipated from this thralldom, and then it was not difficult to comprehend the secret of his forensic powers.

I will not attempt to describe or to analyze his discourse, for with this you will receive a full report of it. When you come to read it, you will not be surprised to learn that for the first half of it he received no applause, and indeed at one time I feared he was losing his hold upon his audience altogether. Abelard saved him. From this point he began to grow before his audience, though they were not enthusiastic until he got off of his text—universities in the abstract—and upon the university of Edinburgh in particular, and the topics incident to the occasion. He seemed to labor with his *piece de resistance*, and failed to satisfy his audience that he had any thing to say about universities in general worth the time and trouble he was taking to say it. Nor do I think he removed that doubt altogether, though in print it may appear differently. The impression left upon my mind by the whole performance was, that he was not inspired properly by the occasion; that he wrote about universities because it seemed to be the most obvious topic for a man going to address a university audience, and without having any thing special to communicate; he trusted, as he has learned that he may safely do, to his skill in handling commonplaces, and, if I may use the expression in no offensive sense, bastard generalization, for his success. Of course, with his other cares and employments, he could not be expected to make the same preparation for this occasion that he would have done if he had his mark in the world yet to make; but I think it will be found that Mr. Gladstone's power, like the late Daniel Webster's, consists more in his skill in using material than in his ability to provide it; that he is a manufacturer rather than a producer, and his wonderful faculty of clothing and adorning an idea or doctrine that is put into his hands has tempted him to the publication of a great deal of learned nonsense, which would never have seen the light if he had any thing like the same capacity for discovering truths that he has for propagating them when discovered. His recent success in parliament is owing mainly to his good fortune in having near him men capable of thinking for him, of giving him political lights which are new and kindle all his enthusiasm. He made no such figure in '52, when he was the oracle of Toryism, the disciple of Sir Robert Peel and the exponent of Oxford Puseyism, for the simple reason that that straw had all been threshed, it gave no play to his remarkable powers of exposition, his manufacturing genius. But

as a member of the government he has been brought into contact with and partially into a state of dependence upon the liberal party, who are counselled by two or three of the most ingenious and philosophic politicians in England. They supply him with ideas, and he is fascinated by the scope afforded to his resources for their development and propagation. The consequence is, that from being one of the most benighted of Tories, with both his eyes in the back side of his head, he has become one of the most decided progressives in parliament; is professing the most unbounded faith in the people; has withdrawn from the conservative club in which he was cradled, and I doubt not he would to-morrow, if compelled to choose between the two, much sooner take his chances in the future with Cobden and Bright than with Palmerston and Russell.

I venture to say that a perusal of Mr. Gladstone's discourse yesterday will go far to sustain the opinion I have expressed of him, that he has very moderate creative or constructive faculties, but that his power, like that of a mill, consists mainly in his ability to convert and adapt the material put into it by others, to the use and convenience of society.

The discourse of the new rector was interrupted by one incident which must have pained any American. When he came to speak of the council who participate in the government of the university a volley of hisses assailed him from every part of the house. He paused a moment, and then attempted to proceed; the hisses were renewed louder than ever. He shrugged his shoulders, as if he would say, "Well, there is no mistaking what you would be at—you evidently don't like these councilmen." And when silence was partially restored said: "Gentlemen, I have told you that the university has always been famous as the bulwark of free discussion—I hope, therefore, you will allow me to proceed with what I have to say."

His expression, which was lighted up with a smile when he commenced this sentence, became stern and dignified towards its close, and the effect was instantaneous. Perfect silence was instantly established, and he went on to be interrupted only by applause. I felt sorry for the councillors, who sat conspicuously upon the platform, and whose offence consisted merely in not being literary men or distinguished in any way except as members of the city council. I heard one of the lads near me, a bright and promising little fellow, when the audience was collecting, calling out to one of his companions, "We must hiss the council when they come in." I asked why, and he said that they

were not men of any literary attainments, and he thought it shocking that they should sit down to the same council table or in the same room with Mr. Gladstone, or have any thing to do with the university.

This all seemed to me excessively bad manners, and yet I could not blame the boys much, for they are brought up to respect arbitrary and false standards of merit in every department of life; the law creates them and usage sanctions them, and it is not strange, therefore, that a body of youngsters educated to the use of these false standards should, from the very sincerity and guilelessness of their nature, betray the most revolting injustice and blackguardism; for it is impossible that they can be observed, in good faith, with any other result.

The close of Mr. Gladstone's address was quite impressive. You will observe that he quoted from the addresses delivered by Brougham and Sir Robert Peel at their installation as rectors of Glasgow University, but no allusion was made in any way to Macaulay. Evidently the wounds left by the review of the book on church and state are not yet healed, for the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of one who had so recently represented the city of Edinburgh in Parliament, who had done as much as any one to make these installation ceremonies famous, and who had just been called away by death from a work which, though unfinished, is as imperishable as the language in which it is written, was one which an orator, under most circumstances, would have been but too happy to avail himself of. It was wiser for Mr. Gladstone to exclude such a train of associations from an occasion of which he was the hero.

The orator spoke just an hour and a half, refreshing himself occasionally from the little cup to which I have referred, and which he preferred to the tumblers standing beside him, for no reason that I can imagine except that it did not betray the color of its contents. He evidently had no confidence that his audience were gentlemen enough to turn their backs while he filled the glass.

Lord Brougham is to be installed as lord chancellor of this university on the 16th of May next. I need not say that it will be an occasion of surpassing interest.

THE GRAND DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN.

Jan. 29. At Nice, aged seventy-one, the Grand Duchess Stephanie Louise Adrienne de Beauharnais.

This lady, who was born August 28, 1789, was niece of the Empress Josephine by her first marriage with Count de Beauharnais. After the count's death, his young widow, as

is well known, married General Bonaparte, and when the latter became chief of the state he had Stephanie brought to Paris from a convent in the south of France in which she had been educated. On returning from the battle of Austerlitz, the general, who had become emperor, noticed at Munich the young and beautiful Princess Augusta, daughter of the new sovereign of Bavaria, Maximilian, who was indebted to the emperor for the establishment of his kingdom, and he resolved to marry the princess to Eugene, son of the Empress Josephine, and then viceroy of Italy. He himself solicited her hand for that prince, and Maximilian, not being able to refuse any thing to the man to whom he owed a throne, granted the request. But there was a serious obstacle, and that was that the princess was much attached to Prince Louis of Baden, (cousin-german of the reigning grand-duke), and was beloved by him. Maximilian, however, succeeded in persuading her to marry Prince Eugene, and the union turned out a happy one. To recompense Prince Louis of Baden for the sacrifice to which he was obliged to submit, Napoleon resolved to make him marry the niece of his wife, Stephanie, and he, at the same time, adopted the latter as his daughter.

In a postscript to a long letter to Prince Eugene, dated March 2, 1806, Napoleon said:—"Tell Augusta that the marriage of Stephanie, whom I have adopted as my daughter, is resolved upon. I expect the Prince of Baden to-morrow, and the marriage will take place at once. Stephanie is very pretty, and the Prince of Baden is much pleased with his marriage." On the following day Napoleon wrote again to Eugene:—"My son, Prince Louis of Baden, arrived this morning, and there has been an interview between him and Stephanie. The marriage is to take place in the course of a month. The prince is lodged at the Tuileries. I hope that this news will give pleasure to Augusta." The marriage was celebrated on April 8, 1806.

The princess was at that time sixteen and a half years old, and the prince nineteen. The prince afterwards became Grand Duke of Baden, and died Dec. 8, 1818, leaving three daughters,—the Princess Louisa, born in 1811, and married to Prince Gustavus Wasa of Sweden; the Princess Josephine, born in 1813, married in 1834 to Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; and the Princess Mary, born in 1817, married in 1843 to the Marquis of Douglas, now Duke of Hamilton. The late grand duchess entertained great affection for the Emperor Napoleon, and was accustomed to come every year to Paris to pass a few months at the Tuileries with his majesty.—*Galignani.*

From The National Magazine.

RETROSPECTS.

BEING A TALE TOLD BACKWARDS.

"I EVER will say that there is little happiness except by the way of trouble. If people tell you so and so has never had a day's trouble in his life, be assured so and so's whole life is a trouble to him. And indeed, how can he who has never felt pain tell the whole value of health? And how can he who has never known real sorrow tell the value of real joy? May I tell you of those people whom I believe to be the happiest in this world? they are those who are always full of subdued good temper, people who have dried themselves from the wet of their struggle in the sea of troubles, and who know the value of solid land. Truly, I do not say that the greater the past trouble the greater the ensuing happiness, because you may struggle in that symbolical sea above-named till the water strikes home to the heart, and you wear it coldened and almost powerless throughout your life.

And it is also true that I would rather avoid trouble if I could, yet still the fact of my observation remains, that those who have known sorrow live more joyfully than those who have never grieved.

The mother who has never lost a little one, cannot possibly care for her family so dearly as the woman who has lost her first-born. And the son who has but his mother remaining, loves her better than he would if his father (under the condition of this latter being an honest man) were alive.

But—to my retrospects, which must begin with an existence.

Imagine then a grave elderly lady sitting in the shadow of a charming drawing-room, humming "Joe Anderson" to herself, and quickly stitching at some soft work.

'Tis as charming a drawing-room, as the elderly lady is charming: a soft pale yellow ground has the walls, with a faint pattern in gold on them. The furniture is japanned black and gold, quaint lovely old furniture; full of quaint and beautiful lines, and telling out like gold-encrusted ebony from the pale yellow walls. While as for the carpet, the hangings, the sofa-coverings, and the cushions—they are a rich claret, which defies the yellow to be gaudy, or the black to be sombre. Meanwhile the sun is dashing into the room through twittering red and green vine-leaves, which form the carpeting of the glass-roofed veranda, and giving all the color there its own enchantment. Altogether this room is superb, and yet utterly above any thing like showiness. It is rich and quiet and comfortable. There is a butterfly or two flitting about, and

some bumblebees banging themselves with dead thuds against the looking-glass, which is opposite the windows, and is continually reporting a real English garden, luxuriant and shady, the masses of foliage and grass heightening the effect of the blossom, and especially heightening the splendor of the waxen syringas, so you see it is early spring-time, when the aged lady is sitting under the shadow of the vine-leaves, stitching away at the soft work, and humming "John Anderson my jo, John."

It was early morning, and soon came in the room a second aging person, in all probability "John Anderson" himself, for the lady was patted on the back by him. Whether he stooped down and kissed her face after he had pinched her right ear, which was very small and delicate, and called her Georgy—I leave the reader to decide, for I know some would respect a kiss from age to age, others would not believe the act natural, and a third number might even smile at the picture, and I will not have this elderly lady and gentleman even smiled at.

"This is poor little Bertha's birthday," said the lady with a sigh, folding up her work, and opening the teapot, for the breakfast things were on the table.

And I, *moi qui vous parle*, have no doubt that you think Bertha is a daughter, for you know as well as I do that a mother never forgets the day on which her child dies.

But this was not a daughter. Little Bertha was a grown-up woman.

Then there was cheerful talk between these two who had one son away in India, and poor little Bertha was named no more that day. But I—who know the history of these two happy people, and they had been happy forty years—know all about poor Bertha—who better than I should know of Bertha, whose birthday had been the anniversary of that pleasant spring morning, when the birds were caroling, and in the quiet breakfast room the butterfly went flitting, and the bumblebees went banging against the light-reflecting looking-glass?

Roll back the thick web of time, breathe life into the shadows, and what have we?

A quiet room with windows down to the ground, and beyond them the sea gently lapping the stones below; a soft breeze, and the sun setting peacefully.

Within the room is a lying woman, a small faded little woman, with deep-set black eyes and a withered face.

Near her, stitching away at some soft work, is a bonny young lady, her cheeks healthy and colored, her lips moist, and her eyes only naturally bright, the rays of the sun lighting up her features.

The lady on the couch is looking earnestly

at the other, who is deeply engaged in her stitching.

"Georgy."

It was quite enough. The work was dropped and the head raised in a moment.

"Why I thought you were asleep, Bertha."

"Ah me, I soon shall be now."

"Very well then,—to-morrow will come all the sooner, and we will have that funny chaise again."

"O Georgy, you know what I mean."

"And what *do* you mean, darling?"

"I am dying, Georgy—I am dying."

The healthy creature here suddenly drooped her head, and blushed. It was a blush which seemed half a guilty one.

"Georgy—I know a secret, which I must tell you."

Here the other looked quickly into the withered face; indeed it was almost a guilty look.

"Ah! I am sure of it now."

"O Bertha, dear Bertha!"

Down now near the couch, her arm round the other lady's neck.

"Georgy, you love him."

Here the healthy lady pressed her face upon the other's bosom, so that the sick woman breathed hard, for, see you, she was dying of consumption, and it was weary work to breathe with a weight upon the chest.

"O, look up, Georgy. Many a woman would be jealous of you for loving her husband, but, withering, I am fonder of you than ever, for you will take care of him—and—and if he does not care for you now—he shall—I will tell him to love you, and he loves me so dearly, Georgy, that I know he will strive to do as I tell him, and then—when I am gone—he will love you, sister, for you are a sister to me, dear."

"When you are gone, Bertha!—do not talk to me like that—if you only knew—if you only knew!"

"Knew what—that you reproach yourself for sometimes thinking of the time when I shall be dead? See you, Georgy, all that is beyond *our* poor control—love comes upon us, and sometimes we are lowered by it, as we are sometimes ennobled. You see, Georgy, I am giving you a last lesson. Ah me—how many years is it since I gave you the first."

"They have all been happy years, Bertha—you made me so good a girl. I, whom you found so vain and weak and ignorant—and O, Bertha, I am so grateful—have ever been so grateful, that I would do more than I have done to make you happy."

"And yet you have done much—well, I am not to be outdone in gratitude, old pupil. I tell you, Warren shall love you—perhaps not so dearly as he has loved me—for I am

woman enough to hope he may not love you quite so much as he loves and has loved me, but he will love you gently and gravely, and you will be supremely happy. You know, Georgy, I have often wondered how it was he grew to love me instead of you. He saw you first, he came to your house to see you—he paid court to you even—and he did not notice me for long and long after I knew how dear he was to me."

"Oh, but he loved you all along."

"Yes, I know *that*, but I thought he loved *you*. And when he came up to the couch on which I was lying, just as I am here, and only ten months ago, only ten short months ago—for I remember I had been poorly for three or four weeks—when he came up to the couch I really thought he was only going to speak of—you. It was such a quiet declaration, Georgy, and your governess could hardly believe her good fortune. I think I see you leaning over the sofa now, you and he both, I think I feel the perfume of the roses still as it floated in at the window, to which you had wheeled me. And when he said to you, 'Georgy, by God's grace, Bertha will be my wife,' I thought all the earth so good, so gracious, and I felt so happy, that for a moment I began to fear I was wicked to be so joyful while there was so much misery in the world. It seems but yesterday that we were married, and I think I see you now, dear girl, rather pale and trembling, standing near me in that ugly little church. Oh, I know you have grown to love him for his goodness to me—but—but I *cannot* tell how it was he fell in love with me when you were so much handsomer and younger,—as for your riches, I know he would not take them into account, or he would not have married me. (After a pause) Yes, it was *very* strange he fell in love with me."

"Ah, dear Bertha—dear, loved, kind governess—think not in your very heart of hearts the least ill of me."

"Why, Georgy, Georgy, how pale and earnest you look!"

"Dear, good heart; always believe that from the moment when you made me gentle, from the moment when you put the new bracelet against the poor beggar boy's thin hand, from that moment I grew so to love you that I could have laid down my life for you, for you made my life a womanly one. But for you I might this moment be a mere heartless woman of the world. Do you not feel, Bertha," here the girl looked very searchingly into the other's face, "do you not feel I would have sacrificed any hope or blessing for you?"

"Yes, yes; I *do* feel so. Oh! look; look;

search my eyes deeply, for if they speak not whole belief in you they speak falsely. I know that you would have sacrificed yourself for me; and, oh! lying here, Bertha, weak and helpless, I am glad to feel that in known selfishness I have done you no wrong." Then, as she played with the girl's hair, she added, and only half aloud, "It is, indeed, very strange that he grew to love me while she was by."

She was still playing with the fallen hair, when a light step sounded near the door, and the next moment a young man stood in the room—a not very handsome man, but fairly looking, with very grave gentle black eyes.

"Ah! Warren, is that you? There, sit down near our Bertha. I have been wondering to her how you grew to love me while she was near me. Nay, do not blush, husband. And, do you know, I have such a quaint idea in my head. As you are down here by my side I seem to be your mother; yes, you really *do* seem my children, though really I am not so very much older than either of you; but then, you see, you are healthy, and I am ailing, and illness ages so very, very fast. How grave you look to-night, Warren; your eyes tell of more patient trouble to-night than they ever did before. Poor boy! and now they are full of tears! ah, me!"

"Come, Bertha, you will never grow well if you grow sad; and if Georgy is not cheerful I shall turn her away and get you another nurse."

"Then turn her away now, Warren, for a little while; I want to have you all to myself. Georgy, remain outside the door."

The girl got up from the side of the sufferer, or rather patient, and softly left the room, closed the door, and then stood with her hand on the handle, and listening. Was there any sign of guilt in her face as she listened? Not one atom; it was a pure, pitying face; the tears, those silent, pitying tears—slowly rolling down her face, and plashing upon the ground.

Suddenly he cried out quickly, "Georgy! quick, Georgy!" and she ran in, to see him holding his wife in his arms, within which she lay as placid as a sleeping child. Child she was not; but sleeping—yes, sleeping a happy and a final sleep. The agitation of telling him he must love her old pupil, Georgy, had brought that last scene which had been very near at hand for weeks.

Gently he laid her upon the sofa-bed, as the girl stood silently weeping near him, and then—then he turned to Georgy, and (oh! judge not quickly nor harshly)—he took her to his heart and kissed her passionately.

And she—she remained within his arms—made no faint resistance even, and only wept, and let him kiss her, and then she wept yet more heavily.

While he, too, was full of grief.

Would you learn the true meaning of that cruel scene—of the widower of a few moments passionately kissing his dear wife's dearest friend?

Back yet a little, I prithee, to another retrospect.

Imagine a cheerful house, full of that taste which the first scene of this tale proffered you; imagine standing together a young girl, a not very handsome gentleman, and an important man, partly bald.

What says this latter? "Beyond a doubt this patient has the seeds of hereditary consumption in her; this tendency has been aggravated by some cause unknown to me, but certainly a mental cause—perhaps one of the affections; that the removal of this cause might prolong her life is certain, but that she cannot live many years is equally certain. Should the cause of which I have spoken still continue to exist, in all probability her life will not extend over several weeks."

This gentleman had barely passed the threshold of the house, when the young gentleman, who had led his companion to a seat, said:

"Georgy, you do not think I am vain?"

"Vain! no; but why talk of such a thing when poor Bertha?"

"I was going to speak of Bertha, my dear. I say, you do not think I am vain: and yet I have learnt a secret."

"Of Bertha's?"

"Of Bertha's. I know the world will condemn a woman for loving a man who has shown no inclination to win her; but this does happen now and then, has happened here, in this house. Georgy, Bertha loves me."

"Loves you, Warren!"

"As dearly as I love you, Georgy; as dearly as you love me. Think how I should feel if you did not care for me; think what a blank the world would be, and then remember Bertha."

"Bertha love you!"

"You have heard me called odd, Georgy; but you know I only seek after the noblest truth, unshadowed by what the world thinks; and you heard what the doctor said: under no circumstances can she live many years."

"Yes, yes."

"And she may only live months; and what wretched months, Georgy!"

"Oh! terrible, unspeakably wretched months! to be alone, quite alone in one's love!"

"And but for her, Georgy, I could never have loved you, for, without Bertha, you would have been another woman than you are."

"Yes, God bless Bertha; for she saved me."

"Well, if she gave you a good life, will you not try to pay part of the debt?"

"Pay part of the debt!"

"Yes, if she has given you a whole life, can you not spare her a few years of it?"

"A few years of my life! I do not comprehend you, Warren."

"You know how I love you—as only men who have greatly suffered can love—with my whole heart, with my whole soul. Well, if we sacrifice this love, only for a little, Georgy, only for a little; do not tremble; if we sacrifice ourselves for a little while, we should be all the more blessed and happy in the future, Georgy."

"Oh! I know now; I know what you mean. But oh! Warren, if she should live, if she should live for many, many years?"

"Well, Georgy, my old sweetheart, she has still given you all your life."

"Oh! marry her, Warren, marry her; only, only do not drive me away from you. I will be both your servants, and never think of all our promises; never speak to you but before her; try never to think of you; and—and—no—do not touch me; you have no right to touch me now."

Still another retrospect. Yet the same house. Some years before that last scene, imagine a girl of fourteen, beautiful and yet repulsive; perfect in appearance and yet a great mental wilderness; a beautiful, vain, ignorant girl. A creature to look after in the streets, but no ornament at home.

The lady who was sitting with her called her Georgy, and spoke gently enough, but the girl was all airs and defiance.

"My dear," said this lady, "I must return in a few days to my home. I would I might take you to my home, and amongst your cousins; but as your father has done as you, it seems, wished him, well and good. If he thought it well that you should remain here in his house after his death, be its mistress, and remain under the guidance of a paid teacher, I cannot alter his determination. Well, why are you looking angrily from the window?"

The girl made no answer, and the next moment a servant announced Miss Winstan. Came in a young lady about nineteen, with a pale complexion and deep-set black eyes.

"Good morning, Miss Winstan," said the girl, as the visitor turned to the elder lady.

The visitor then slowly came to the young lady, smiling as she did so, stooped down, kissed her on the cheek, and said quietly:—

"You had better call me Bertha at once, and I will call you Georgy, as I hear your aunt desires."

"Certainly Bertha," said the aunt.

A day or so, and the governess and Georgy were without the presence of the aunt.

This, then, was the governess' work: to make a gentle, loving woman of a poor vain, ignorant, violent, spoiled child. Her task was weary, but the heart of the child was good. Well, three weeks after the governess' arrival, the couple were out walking. The partly overthrown vanity of the girl was once more all regnant, for in her father's desk she had found a handsome emerald bracelet, and though her clothing was black, though it was still quite new in memory of her father, she could not resist the desire to wear it in the streets. The governess said nought, but walked on quietly by her pupil's side. Soon they came upon a sleeping beggar boy, a poor battered, dirty, ragged young Irish lad, getting all the comfort he could out of the sun; a repulsive, odious, unwholesome sight, and yet he was to help in a life lesson.

The girl, fully under the influence of the bracelet, struck her dress against her side with the jewelled arm as they passed the unconscious young Hibernian, as though her dress should not be contaminated by floating near him.

The governess stopped, looked quietly yet firmly at her young charge, stopped her progress, took the offending hand, and drew it against the beggar boy's hand as it lay clasped in its fellow above the poor boy's head.

And there, against his thin attenuated hand, sparkled the bright green jewels.

I have said the girl had a good heart, and this was the best lesson the governess had yet taught her. In some instances the lesson would have been forgotten; in this instance it brought forth the fruit of a gentle, kindly, charitable, and loving woman.

Ah, well, my retrospects are ended. Do you love this way of telling a tale backwards? And yet, see you, there are these tales to be read every day. Why not read them? I tell you, *moi qui vous parle*, that as surely as you find a gentle, loving, forbearing aged man and wife, so surely may you learn some such tale as the above, a tale of simple sacrifice, or of kindness.

From Chambers's Journal.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

"YE'RE no thinking to ride far this coorse morning, doctor, I hope. Your cough was wearifu' to hear last night—I could hardly sleep for it," said Mrs. Black, the doctor's wife, as, in the course of her household avocations, she chanced to cross the little entrance where her husband was tying his woollen comforter round and round his throat, and wrapping his plaid closely about him, like a man determined to defy wind and weather.

"The day's not as bad as it looks," replied the doctor cheerily; "the wind is from the west, and I saw a break in the clouds just now. And really I'm anxious about poor Miss Menzies, who wrote me a week ago that she was worse than usual, and thought her draughts should be changed."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Black with startling vehemence. "I've no patience, doctor, with Miss Menzies and her draughts. A great, strong, bony woman like that to be setting up to be an invalid, and lying full-length on the sofa a' the day long—I'm sure her health's no worth so much taking care of. It's my belief that there's naething the matter with her, and I'd have you to tell her so."

"It is rather an obscure case, I grant," said the doctor, who by this time had converted himself into a shapeless bundle of "haps." But whatever the cause, she's a great sufferer and a lone woman, and I would not like to neglect the daughter of an old and a good friend of mind when I needed friends. And by the way, Bell, my woman," he added with a good-natured wink of his eye at his energetic little partner, "how is it that you never advise me to tell Lady Louisa Silliwn that there's nothing the matter with *her*? I'm sure she looks far more blooming than ever poor Miss Menzies did, and it's much the same case, I suspect."

This was a home-thrust, and put an end to any further discussion; for the castle and its fair patient was the best card in the doctor's hand, and during the shooting-season, when the family came down, brought in more into the Blacks' treasury than the rest of the neighborhood put together; it was very natural that Mrs. Black, a mother and a manager, should respect Lady Louisa Silliwn accordingly, and thoroughly believe in her ailments; whereas Miss Menzies was one of that tiresome class, too familiar to professional experience, which brings neither fame nor profit; never ill enough to excite much sympathy, and never decidedly better—a sort of perpetual protest against the efficacy of medical treatment. Then again,

she was far from rich, and this the kind-hearted practitioner never failed to remember in his half-yearly bills, contriving often to lengthen a ride so as to give her a call which should not appear in the light of a professional visit, and changing one harmless nostrum for another with a patience which roused all Mrs. Black's impatience, and sometimes led her to declare that if it had been "ony ither than Miss Menzies, she wadna be o'er weel pleased, the doctor having been acquaint wi' her in her youth; but he'd ower keen an eye for a bonny face to look twice at yon puir banie bodie;" and Mrs. Black would glance down complacently at her own round trim figure, or, if a glass were at hand, at her comely countenance.

Meanwhile—to return to this particular morning—Dr. Black, well swathed and impervious to the weather, mounted his shaggy pony, and fagged leisurely along the straight road of the very unpicturesque district in Galloway where his lot was cast. It was a rough dark day indeed, and the break in the sky which his cheery temperament had led him to see or fancy, had got clouded over again. The rain drove down slanting across the monotonous neatly ploughed fields, squared out by bleak stone walls. There were no trees to speak of; sometimes, by way of variety, a small stunted plantation turning its back to the coast, and making the best of it; sometimes a few yards of hedgerow, giving a clothed and comfortable look to a stoutly built homestead; but generally only ploughed fields and walls—walls and ploughed fields. Nothing worth looking at on such a day as this, at all events; so, while the doctor fags on, we shall briefly glance over Miss Menzies' life of forty years, and then give him the meeting at her house-door.

"There are some faces," says Jean Paul, "in which you read a story; in others, only a date." Certainly there was no romantic story in Miss Menzies' long and singularly plain visage, and even the date had not been clearly marked there, for when she was young, she never looked so; nay, it could hardly be an exaggeration to affirm that she never was young. Who does not know people of this type? She had lost her mother—a grave matter-of-fact woman—when she was a child of seven. For two years she was her father's chief companion, and then he married again. There was no fault to be found with the step-mother, a worthy person of mature age, who was always kind, if not loving, and who treated the little Rebecca much as she did her own boy, when he came, with an anxious affection that chiefly took the turn of over-attention to bodily health, constant terror of wet fet and open windows,

and constant restrictions as to quality of food and quantity of exercise; which had perhaps something to do with Miss Menzies' chronic invalidism in after years, and with her young brother running off to sea when he was a lad of fourteen, and she a woman of twenty-four. Ten years later, her step-mother died after a long illness, during which Rebecca dutifully attended her; and old Mr. Menzies did not long survive his wife. He left his small landed estate—heavily mortgaged—to his sailor-son, who was getting on well in the merchant-service, and whose preference of the sea to the ministry his father had long ago forgiven. For his daughter, he had bought an annuity of £80 a year. "You'll never marry, Becky, my dear," he had said; "and this will keep you comfortable, wi' care, so long as you live. My blessing to my boy when he comes hame. I would ha' liked that he should carry my head to the kirkyard, but the Lord knows what is best for us a'. Ye maun stay at the auld place till he returns, and keep a' things thegither for him."

Some months later, the young sailor paid a visit to his home of early days; sold it; invested the small capital it brought him in certain Brazilian mines, which he had been to visit in the course of his travels, and from which he expected a fabulous percentage; helped to look out a small house for his sister in the old neighborhood; smartened it up with feather-flowers and bright shells, which he had brought back for his mother; and then went off again upon another cruise, with a shuddering pity for the deadly dullness of Rebecca's way of living, relieved by the conviction that, "Poor, good old girl! it's the only thing, somehow, that one could ever have looked to for her."

Miss Menzies, once installed in her new home, and having hired an able-bodied servant, capable of doing all its work and more, might perhaps have found the time hang heavily, but for the delicate health the care of which filled up her hours. While her parents lived, and afterwards in the old home, there had always been enough for her to do, for she was an attentive daughter, and had a faculty for looking after out-door laborers as well as domestic servants. Reading had never formed a prominent part of her occupations. She read her Bible and a few devotional works with scrupulous exactness, if not with much enjoyment; read, too, the weekly newspaper in something of the same conscientious spirit, and occasionally worked her way through a book of travels, for the sake of her sailor-brother; but she held light literature in contempt. She could sow neatly and well, it was true, but her simple wardrobe once in good order, there was not much

scope for sewing. Further, she had no correspondents, and morning-callers were very few in that part of the country, especially for one situated as she was; for, belonging, as she never for a moment forgot she did, to one of the old county families, Miss Menzies would have resented any attempt at sociality on the part of the wealthy farmers and their richly dressed wives, while, with her small means, she could keep up no reciprocity of visiting with any of the scattered gentry round. Her pride and unattractiveness combined kept her lonely, and so her days might have been empty and long if she had been the hale, robust woman she seemed made to be. Or perhaps Mrs. Black was right, and she might have been robust and hale but for this unoccupied time, which she filled up by an invalid's routine. Perhaps her long catalogue of aches and pains was but a symptom of the mildew of self-love that grows upon those who have no others to love them—a device for conferring some importance upon this "untenanted life" of hers, so little important to any one besides. But, at all events, it is some comfort to think that she had never analyzed her own case, and that the uneventful existence of the plain middle-aged woman, passing quietly away, dull week by week, dull year after year, had never impressed her imagination with the same sense of dreariness and vacuity which we of the busier present day feel in glancing over it as a whole.

By this time, we may suppose the doctor arrived at her door, where he was kept waiting longer than usual; and when at length the maid appeared, she had a flustered expression quite unusual to her.

"How is Miss Menzies the day?"

"Terrible well. She's just packing up for a journey."

The doctor could not believe his ears, and going up-stairs, could as little believe his eyes. Miss Menzies was not upon the sofa, had not on her usual invalid attire; she was sitting at the table with her bonnet on, writing, and when she heard his step, she jumped up with an alacrity of which he had not supposed her capable.

"I am glad you are come, Dr. Black. I was just writing you. I've been wearying to see you these last days. Sit ye down, sit ye down. Such news as I've got to tell you! Ye'll mind the letter Jamie wrote me a year ago?"

"To be sure I do. Your brother told you he was on the point of sailing again for Brazil on a three-years' cruise, and that he took a heavy heart with him, having fallen in love with a pretty tocherless Welsh lassie at Swansea. I mind he told you they would make a match of it, if he was so lucky as to

return safe and sound; and I mind, too, I laughed at you a little for writing him a long screed of a letter to dissuade him from such an imprudent step."

"Would you believe it, doctor, that the poor boy should ha' been sae left to himsel' as to marry the tocherless lassie before he sailed?"

"Boy!" demurred the doctor, with a rather sly look.

"Weel, weel, to be sure he was auld enough to know better; but this is what has come o' his rashness." And with some agitation, she placed in his hands the following letter: "MADAM—It is my painful duty to inform you that Mrs. James Menzies, who has been residing in my apartments ever since Captain Menzies sailed eleven months ago, expired this morning very unexpectedly, though in delicate health for some time previous. A few hours before the last, she requested me to write to you respecting the baby, which is a thriving child. We shall try to delay the funeral till we hear from you. Waiting your instructions, madam, your obedient servant, JANE HEWSON.

"Duke Street, Liverpool, February 5, 1840."

"You see, doctor," Miss Menzies went on, "the letter has been mis-sent to Galway, and time sair wasted; and I got it twa days syne, but it's to-night the boat sails, and I'm just about to start, though the poor young creature will be buried, I doubt, before I can get there."

"And what, my good friend, are your plans respecting the infant?"

"I shall bring it back with me, unless I find some of her friends willing and able to claim it. But that's no likely, for she was an orphan—so much my brother told me. It's just awfu', doctor, to think of the thochtless things men will do! But, now, I'll be the better of a little of your good advice."

The advice, however, was not upon the usual subject of health, had not the remotest reference to change of medicine; it related to the journey, probable miles to be encountered, and the arrangements to be made on arriving at the strange town. Miss Menzies had never been out of her native county, and in spite of her strong, resolute aspect, felt herself a most incompetent traveller. The doctor gave her the benefit of his experience, and jogged home again so briskly, that the shaggy pony did not know what to make of it; but the good man longed to impart the stupendous intelligence to Mrs. Black, for, in a remote country neighborhood, with only a weekly local newspaper to connect him with the outer world, he, too, like his weaker brethren, unconsciously felt any departure from the *statu quo* a grateful excitement;

and not the less so when seasoned with something of a melancholy element, as in the present case.

Miss Menzies reached her journey's end without accident, but not without alarm. The sea was rough; the landing on the busy stage, in the discomfort of early morning, was trying; but of her many fears, marvellous to relate, none took the accustomed direction. She positively forgot her spasms, her sinkings, and all the other symptoms that had so long been the only variety in her solitary life. She had something else to think about.

The funeral was over, as she had surmised; but in the melancholy room, still bearing the impress and the chill of the presence of the dead, there lay the unconscious infant of two months, in its little cradle, and beside it sat a florid-faced country girl, who rose and courtesied respectfully. Miss Menzies knelt down and peered long into the little nest. "The bonny wee bairnie, the nice, wee, dainty bairnie," she murmured. The tears gathered as she listened to the soft breathing, and watched the rosy sleep. Presently the child opened its eyes, and then—weary, perhaps, of lying there—stretched out its little arms to the stranger. Miss Menzies took it up, and gently folded it to her breast. Its warm waxen fingers strayed over her gaunt face. She did not speak a word as she paced up and down; she could not have spoken—a great revulsion was going on within her; fountains of undreamed of tenderness were welling up; the woman's soul waking for the first time at the baby's touch; a new life beginning for her in the life of another. It was a pang to give the small, soft burden out of her arms even when it cried.

"To be fed, ma'am," respectfully suggested the florid-faced girl, with another low courtesy.

"You are its nurse," said Miss Menzies, with a strange thrill of envy, as, with many a kiss and Welsh word of endearment, Betty Jones took the baby and laid it across her knee, where it gurgled and cooed in glad anticipation.

There was much to be done and settled on that eventful day; but one thing was clear to Miss Menzies' mind—that child she would never part with; indeed, there seemed but little probability of any one putting in a rival claim. The poor young wife had been brought by her husband to these lodgings; their short honeymoon had been spent there; and after he left her, she had lived there quite alone. No one had come to see her. From the landlady's account, Miss Menzies inferred that her health had been delicate

from the first, though she got over her confinement well, and no danger was apprehended till the end came.

"But she never was able to nurse the baby, ma'am, and Betty Jones has been with it ever since its birth. I think poor Mrs. Menzies had a shock, ma'am, in a letter she got about a fortnight ago. I found her crying over it more than once, and it was under her pillow when she died. Perhaps you would like to look at it."

Miss Menzies recognized the handwriting at once—the letter was from her brother, and she read it, to ascertain his plans. How loving it was!—how full of tender memories of their brief three weeks together! Was it indeed so unwise, that marriage of his? It had made two souls happy with some happiness she had never known, which for the first time in her life she could dimly guess at. What was there here to shake the sand of that ebbing life? Hurrying on, she soon came to it. The Brazilian mines were an utter failure; henceforth, he feared he could make but small remittances to his darling, etc. Well, she was gone, poor lamb, where she would not need them; and, at least, till her brother's return, the child was hers—hers! He had stretched out his little arms to *her*. She was sorry about these mines. Dr. Black, she remembered, had never thought well of the speculation; but in point of fact, it occasioned her just then far greater disquietude to know what to do about Betty the nurse. Mrs. Hewson assured her that she was quite essential to the child, and yet there was no wedding-ring upon her finger. It cost Miss Menzies no common effort to allude to this anomaly to the unabashed Betty, and she feared she was guilty of a sin in committing the innocent baby to her care. But then there was his health at stake; and struggling hard against her repugnance, Miss Menzies, before the evening was over, had tolerated the whole history of what Betty called her "misfortune," and had positively engaged her to travel to Scotland with her, and there remain for six months, until such time as the little Jamie could safely bear to be weaned; little foreseeing that the incompatibility between their respective races would lead to her Scotch maid giving her warning within a month, while Betty was destined to hold her ground in the respectable spinster's establishment for years and years to come.

Miss Menzies had henceforth a more cheerful method of marking their course; no longer by the setting in of a new symptom, or the trial of a new medicine, but by the unfolding of some fresh childish charm, or the strengthening of some mental promise; no longer by her own gradual decline, but by

the upspringing of her bonny boy. And bonny Jamie Menzies truly was, not only to his aunt's and to Betty's idolizing gaze, the country people even turned to look after him as he bounded by them in his play-hours; and even Mrs. Black, despite her prepossession in favor of her own Sandy, a lad of quite a different type, would frankly declare that "how yon bonny callant should come o' the Menzies stock passed *her* altogether. Just see to his curls, like gowd i' the sunlight, doctor, and his sma' straight face, and sic wee hands and feet, forbye he's so tall for his years. There never was a Menzies that ever I heard tell o' but had great, lang, banie, hands and feet, like the skeleton in your surgery. My! just to see him coming into the kirk wi' his aunt; there's an awfu' differ between them."

Perhaps, indeed, it was the unconscious influence of this very "differ" that gave the little fellow such an absolute hold over his aunt's affections. At all events she could see no fault in him. His childish naughtinesses had their fascinations for her; and her indulgence of his every whim was only exceeded by Betty's, who doted upon her nursling even less wisely, and, having herself a less definite standard of right and wrong, far more perniciouly.

Before the child had been two years under her care, Miss Menzies heard of her brother's death. The mortification and anxiety of finding that he had invested his all so insecurely, the shock of his young wife's death, undermined his health; then came repeated attacks of the fever of the country, under which he sank, committing his orphan boy to his sister's kindness, and hopeful to the last that, in future days, he at least might reap a rich harvest from those mine-shares that had proved so disastrous to his unhappy father.

"I'm glad he could keep the hope," said Miss Menzies one day through her tears, to her confidential friend Dr. Black; "it would cheer himself; but I canna' share it. Jamie must just depend upon his own abilities, and it will go hard with me but he shall have a good upbringing." Dr. B. perfectly agreed in despairing of the mines, and added a fervent hope that the boy might never hear of them. Unfortunately, Betty had heard of them, and in after years often and often she would feed the boy's fancy with pictures of future wealth and luxury and consequence, not as the result of industry, but as a substitute for it. Poor Betty! most inveterate of spoilers, warm of heart, but defective in the moral sense that ever assured refractory child the bitter medicine was sweet as sugar, and smacked her lips over it in corroboration; or beat the naughty table that went and "knocked its pretty head it did;" or

gave the forbidden dainty on the sly; or hid the petty delinquency by half-truth or untruth according to the exigency of the case. Poor, fond, foolish, Betty! it would be hard to estimate the evil that she did with her flattery and her day-dreams; for the seed fell upon the congenial soil of a peculiarly pleasure-loving and self-indulgent nature. Quite aware of his handsome looks, young Jamie Menzies had an innate love of all that was externally graceful and refined, and an unusual value (unusual among boys) for the distinctions that follow in the train of wealth; and therefore it was by no means the advantage it appeared, but rather a serious misfortune that he should be the favorite companion of young Walter Blount, and a very frequent guest at the castle in holiday-time, for it only led to his returning home terribly dissatisfied with all its arrangements, and shrinking from his own future prospects; unless, indeed, these mines Betty told him of should turn out well yet. It was no use talking to his aunt about them—it made her look grumpy at once; but why should they not? A bright possibility gets to look so probable to a young imagination. Sometimes it would cross Miss Menzies' own mind that, from one cause or other, her boy was acquiring tastes not quite suited to the means of a medical student, for such it was now decided he was to be; but she, too, was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing him admired, and would hush many a misgiving by the reflection: "His forbears held their ain wi' the best in the county, and so may he, and what for no?" But how much contriving and planning, how much pinching of herself in every way it took even now to furnish our young gentleman with the sort of coats and boots he chose to wear, was known only to herself and to Betty. In this one particular the two women agreed, though in their secret hearts there was little love between them. That "them old maids knows nothing about boys" was Betty's fixed opinion; and accordingly, beyond her usual courtesy and assenting "Yes, sure, ma'am," she paid not the slightest heed to any suggestion of Miss Menzies, however sensible it might be; and on the other hand, Miss Menzies felt many a secret pang of jealousy at Betty's influence, for the boy had far more often a kiss and good-humored word for his fresh-faced nurse than for his gaunt, undemonstrative aunt, who had no power of showing the deep-seated love of her heart in pleasant caress or playful word, could never speak it, could only act it out in a career of self-sacrifice the young thoughtless nature never even noticed. However, Betty and Miss Menzies had between them the strong bond of a common worship; both were absorbed in Jamie,

both had wept and trembled over his sickness in his childhood, and both gloried in the beauty and intellectual promise of his youth. Both believed there never was such a boy, and the imagination of both was constantly occupied with his future; only while Miss Menzies delighted to picture the distinguished, successful professional man, Betty preferred to dream of the rich gentleman with nothing to do, and every thing to enjoy; and unfortunately it was this latter anticipation that young Menzies himself preferred.

The time had now come for his entering the Edinburgh University as a student. His aunt was determined to allow him more than half her income. "Will it suffice, doctor? Will he be able to get on, no perhaps as a Menzies might ha' looked to do, but like mony and mony ither's of gentle bluid?"

"Indeed will he, if he's commonly prudent," vowed the doctor over and over again, remembering the honest and successful struggle of his own youth on a less liberal allowance, and knowing how well at the present time his own Sandy was getting on with the little he was able to spare him. "But I'm just afraid," he said, while canvassing the subject with his wife, "that Miss Menzies will be pinching herself more than she should. She's far frailer now than in the days when she was always on her sofa. However it's a grand thing for her to have something to live for, and to be sure, he's a fine young fellow, and will do her credit, I doubt not, some of these days."

"I wish ye may be right, doctor," said Mrs. Black with an ominous shake of her head. "Ye always look on the sunny side; but my mind misgives me—it's no a' gowd that glitters. And what wi' that auld body his aunt, and that feckless Betty, and the family at the castle, who suld know better, asking him to a' their grand ploys, and setting him abune his station, his head's gey turned. *That* boy has been trained in the way he suldna go, and the end's no come yet."

When the first session was over, and Miss Menzies was rejoicing in the expectation of seeing again her "bairn," as she loved still to call him, she received a letter from him, telling her that two of his most intimate friends, Urquhart and Irvine ("Gude names yon," said Miss Menzies, half complacently, half anxiously), were planning a short walking-tour in Germany, and had asked him to accompany them. Could she (he was half ashamed to ask it, but he knew her kindness—hoped one day to repay it—Brazilian mines were looking up, he had been informed on the best authority)—could she advance him a small sum? It was to be a *walking* tour, she would observe, and would cost him

very little—twenty pounds would do. Twenty pounds! At first, Miss Menzies flatly declared it impossible. It was hard, too, not to see her darling this summer; and yet it was harder still to disappoint him. Betty and she talked it over. Would it be possible to spend less than they did? Could the fire burn lower in the kitchen-grate? Throughout the winter, Miss Menzies had only burned one in her sitting-room, for two or three hours in the middle of the day, lest a casual caller should detect the economy. Could life be supported on a smaller amount of their rigidly simple fare? At all events, they would see what they could do. Betty had saved £3 of her wages; Miss Menzies had some old brooches and mourning-rings—"gude gold." The matter was transacted in a roundabout way, with some delay and probable loss; but the upshot of it was, that the effort was made, and the tour taken.

During the next session, Jamie's letters grew shorter still, and came less frequently. Something, too, there was of recklessness in their tone, which troubled Miss Menzies' heart, and she no longer read them aloud to Dr. Black when he called. More than once her nephew had inveighed against his "cursed poverty" (was he then so pinched, *puir laddie*? yet she had given him almost her all), and had alluded to those mine-shares as though, for him, hope lay mainly in that direction. All this was bad, but there was worse behind. Sandy Black—steady, silent Sandy—had written word to his father that young Menzies was living this session at a great rate, and was in far too gay a set to care for the like of him; that, in fact, their acquaintance had nearly dropped; and that he did not know well what to do, for it was painful to him to say a word against his early friend, but that he feared Jamie gave himself out to be in much better circumstances than he really was, and that there would be a crash before long, for the Edinburgh tradesmen were ill at waiting for their bills. After some deliberation, the kind-hearted doctor determined to communicate this intelligence to his old friend. She would have resented it but for her own secret misgivings. As it was, it confirmed a long-floating plan. She would go to Edinburgh, and judge for herself. She had been to blame in keeping back from her bairnie how straitened her means really were—how impossible, even for her love, to indulge him any further. She would appeal to his better principle, his honor—a Menzies was sure to be honorable—and he would adopt a new self-denying course. Very probably Sandy made the worst of it; his mother was a scraping body, and he had not gentle blood

in his veins, and was no judge of what was fitting for Jamie. And yet the tone of her boy's letters corroborated his account. Come what would, she could bear this suspense no longer. She would not trust to such a weak thing as any remonstrance she could pen. When she saw him, it would be given her to speak to his heart. She would go and judge for herself.

It was on a cold day towards the end of January that Miss Menzies set out on this the second journey she had ever taken in the course of her long life. Nearly nineteen years ago, she had travelled to Liverpool, since the baby in the cradle had stretched out his innocent arms towards her. How would the young student receive her now?

Travelling in the most inexpensive manner, outside a coach, then by steamboat, then a slow train, it was only on the morning of the following day that she reached Edinburgh. Very beautiful it should have looked to a stranger's eye—the New Town, bright in the sunshine; the Old, in the mist of a frosty day—but she had no eyes for the contrast, nor for the picture of the blue Forth and the snow-covered Fifeshire coast, as with a beating heart she drove to her boy's lodgings. It would be terrible if he did not welcome her, if he were ashamed of his old aunt in this gay town; and she glanced with some uneasiness at her shabby attire. And it was terrible, too, to have to restrict him in any of his enjoyments. But he came of a good stout stock; and with his handsome face and clever tongue he would "warstle well with ony difficulties, when once he came to know of them," she said, to reassure herself as the cab stopped at the door in L—Street; and she made her way up the two flights of stairs that led to his lodgings.

"Was Mr. Menzies at home?"

"No; he was gone with twa ither young gentlemen, to Duddingston Loch twa hours syne."

She would wait for him then. When ushered into her nephew's room, Miss Menzies looked round in horror at its size and furniture. This was no room for a medical student with an allowance of £45 a year. In much agitation, she rang the bell, and requested to speak to the landlady, who glanced superciliously at her old-world dress, and seemed a good deal shocked, as well as surprised, to hear of the relation in which she stood to her lodger. The truth soon came out—worse, oh, worse than her darkest fears! These luxurious rooms—they seemed so to her—occupied since October last, had never yet been paid for; nay, more, much of the furniture they contained was hired.

"The worthless fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Reid, "to go and give out that his aunt was a lady of fortune!"

"Did he do that?" almost shrieked Miss Menzies. "O woman, dinna tell me he did that!"

The anguish in her look and tone somewhat softened the landlady's heart.

"Well, perhaps he did not just say so in so many words, but he let me think it. Such an air as there is about him! You'd judge him made of money to see him fling out his sixpences to any poor wife on the stairs; and such like friends as he has coming to see him! The good-for-nothing deceitful—"

"Hush!" said Miss Menzies imperiously. "You shall be no loser by him. Go, go, and leave me alone."

And now that there was no one to defend him against, she sat there more wretched still, because it was now her own heart that blamed him. He, a Menzies, and yet dishonest and untrue—he for whom she would have borne, *had* borne (she seemed to know it for the first time) any privation—was quite careless of her, and of the sorrow and shame he brought upon her declining years. When he returned, for the first time in her life she would speak severely to him, speak as he deserved, the ungrateful, unworthy boy. Mechanically she seated herself at the window to wait for his arrival. Looking at every youthful figure that passed, the thought flashed across her mind how ungainly and common they all were compared to her bairn; but she would not admit it. "What of looks?" she said, chiding herself for her weakness; "what of the mere outside, if there be not a brave, true heart within?" And her whole frame thrilled with bitter indignation, and she thought over all the wrong and worthlessness of his conduct, lest strength should fail her to speak it out, and her old foolish affection revive the moment she should hear his light foot running up the stair. And so hour after hour passed, but she took no count of them, wrapped in her stern sorrow, and mistaking it for anger, when her eye fell upon a cab driving slowly on in her direction, and followed, or rather accompanied by eager groups of three or four. Listlessly she watched it. On the box, by the driver, sat a fine-looking youth, with his face buried in his hands. The cab stopped at the foot of the common stair that had led her to the room where she sat. Some one sick, hurt within, no doubt; sorrow everywhere, but none like unto her sorrow! The young man on the box dismounts; another youth, pale and haggard, jumps out as soon as the door is opened. Students, perhaps; perhaps friends of *his*. They are preparing now to lift the sick man out, and the crowd

closes more densely round. Ah! there is more than sickness there; she sees it in the horror-stricken faces of those nearest. Yes, at length they have succeeded. One of the young men staggers under the weight of the rigid limbs, and now—O God! it is her Jamie's curly head that hangs back heavy over the driver's arms. Dead! Drowned! *Her bairn!* There was not a dry eye among them all as the stricken woman, rushing down, flung her gaunt frame upon the body, while the old, old cry welled up once more out of the depths of a broken heart: "Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!"

A few days later, a woman in the deepest mourning that comes within the reach of the poor, might have been seen calling at several of the fashionable shops in Edinburgh, and requesting to speak to their principal. In all of them her reception was marked with surprise, with something, too, of indignation, succeeded by more of pity. She was collecting her nephew's bills. In all they amounted to between two and three hundred pounds. "Have patience with me, and I will pay you all," she had said to every one of the tradesmen. One or two had shrugged their shoulders, fancying that the shock had made her daft; the most of them believed her.

When Miss Menzies returned to her home, her first step was to announce the sale of all her homely furniture, save her boy's bed and a kitchen table and chairs. With the proceeds she defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and a part of the landlady's claim, as well as Betty's wages, and the expense of her journey back to her own country. The parting was a pang to both; for if they had never much loved each other, they had both loved him, and it was touching to see the elder sufferer control her own feelings in her endeavor to comfort the poor Welshwoman in her frantic, unrestrained grief. As soon as the sale was over, Miss Menzies moved into a little two-roomed cottage, taking no servant with her, and began to save all she could out of her little income. None of her old neighbors presumed to interfere. The respect still felt for her family would have checked them, even if her grief had not been sacred to them all. There she lives and saves at the present day. None can look at her emaciated pallid visage without suspecting that she hardly allows herself sufficient food, and in the coldest weather but little smoke is seen to rise from that cottage chimney. There are many kind hearts round who would fain administer to her comforts, but they know well that her proud, lonely nature would resent the at-

tempt, and they dare not seek to turn her from her life-purposes. Dr. Black, intimate as he is with her, can do nothing here; and, indeed, though he has a kindlier interest in her than any one else feels, he is perhaps of all the one who pities her privations the least. He knows that, two months since, she paid off one of the least creditable of poor James' liabilities, and that if she be spared a very few years longer, she will have discharged them all. "No shame shall rest upon my bairn's bonny head in his early grave," she had said, and she would keep her word. A little cold, a little hunger, and *this* hope in her heart? Dr. Black believes her a happier woman now, with "something

to live for," as he phrases it, than in those self-centred days of invalid life. Ay, and she has another hope in her heart, too sacred even to be mentioned to him. She who has so forgiven her prodigal, how can she doubt the forgiveness of the heavenly Father? She does not question, does not reason, far less could she discuss. Only when her task is done, and her boy's name cleared, she knows there is a better country where the weary are at rest; and thinking of him *there*, she forgets not only the horror of that sudden close, but all the wasted years of wayward youth—and they are baby arms that seem to stretch out to her once more and welcome her to heaven!

THE JAPANESE AND RUSSIANS.—A St. Petersburg (Russia) paper publishes a curious letter from the Russian Consul at Hakodadi (Japan), from which the following passages are extracted:

"To induce the Japanese to approach us, I formed the idea of arranging at my house some social games. The success was complete. The Japanese accepted with *empressment* my invitations. Christmas-day having arrived, I wished to celebrate it with solemnity. The evening before, a tree, ornamented with lights, sweetmeats, and a variety of articles designed to be offered as presents, was arranged in my saloon. The room itself was magnificently decorated; the Japanese flags were united with the Russian. The inhabitants of the city came, men and women, great and small, even officers of state. The governor assisted in the decoration of the tree by sending a present, and he afterwards employed a painter to make a picture of the saloon and the company. Our ladies distributed in the evening quantities of bonbons and delicacies to the children, and to the grown people lithographs representing different subjects. The Japanese had the appearance of being much pleased. They were especially impressed by the national Russian costume, which our ladies had assumed for the occasion.

"Another day I gave a masked ball. The ladies were led out by our navy officers. The men seemed to admire their dances and to take note of them.

"The young Japanese, the pupils of the military school, are very good looking, and, what may surprise you, the Russian and English languages make a part of their course of study.

"The governor of the city came to make me a visit. He told me that the American Consul had never enjoyed this honor. I replied that I accepted it as a civility, and should not fail to return it. He remained with me four hours, and breakfasted with me in company with fifteen of his employés. Among the things belonging to

me which most excited their curiosity was the map of the Amoor and that of the eastern coast of Siberia.

"Some days after, began the fêtes of the Japanese New Year. They last fifteen days. On this occasion the doors of the houses are ornamented with draperies, with papers of different colors, and emblematic subjects, such as citrons, crabs, arrows, etc. These are considered as talismans against evil geni, diseases, and other scourges. During the first days of the fête the Japanese pay visits to their priests and acquaintances. They eat and drink in every house; those among them who came to see me showed very decided effects of these multiplied libations. To pay my tribute to the occasion I did homage to the governor by a superb pie, surmounted by the Japanese flag. It had great success; they sent the top of it to Jeddo. The rejoicings of the new year are not prolonged into the night. The Japanese go to bed early, in order to enjoy sooner the agreeable dreams which, according to their belief, favor those who have conducted well through the year preceding. The prisoners also share in the general joy. They are delivered from their chains, and allowed to shave themselves and dress neatly.

"The employés of the government make us frequent visits. They ask us on what articles their commerce with Russia may turn. They have presented us with a sort of marine biscuit, which is very good, but of an exorbitant price. I am causing now to be made a model of a windmill; they have no idea of the thing, and such mills will be very useful in this country. I regret that I am not richer in works of technology, for the Japanese mind is actively turned towards that science. They construct buildings in the European fashion, with remarkable skill. We furnished them the plan of a yacht that they have recently launched on the water. This yacht is built as well as it could have been done by our best engineers."

From the National Intelligencer, 18 May.
OFFICIAL RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE.

The interest excited by the arrival and movements of the Japanese embassy rose to a climax yesterday morning in anticipation of the grand ceremonial of their presentation to the president of the United States at the executive mansion.

Much excitement prevailed through the city all the morning, from a hope of having at least a passing view of these distinguished visitors. The curiosity to behold men from a region so distant, so long shut out from the rest of the world, and now, for the first time, not only admitting the visits of other nations, but themselves undertaking a long and fatiguing voyage to visit strangers in the uttermost end of the earth, is certainly a natural and most pardonable feeling, if not indeed worthy of commendation and the fullest indulgence.

There is something flattering to our national pride in the fact that this country should be the first to receive the distinction of an embassy from this ancient and almost unknown people, and that a republican government of the freest form should have been selected for such an honor by a nation barred in by the prejudice of centuries against all but the most despotic rule. What their habits have been at home may be readily inferred from the fact that, even here, so profound is the subjection of the lower to the higher orders among them that the servants in waiting never enter the apartments of the ambassador without laying their forehead on the door-sill; and, in like manner, when the high dignitaries, who had paid their duty to the president, returned from the East Room, their entire suite (who had been left in waiting outside the door) fell instantly upon their knees, and so remained while their princes passed by.

For an hour or more before the time indicated for the passage of the procession from the quarters of the embassy at Willard's Hotel to the president's house, most of the elevated positions between those points were occupied by great numbers of persons of both sexes, posted to witness the procession. At the gates of the latter a mass of people had collected, wishfully observant of the more favored few—by comparison—who were admitted by the police through the sole portal kept open for pedestrians. But the great centre of attraction was on Fourteenth Street, that is to say, at the eastern doorway of Willard's, by which the embassy were to pass out to take their places in the procession. The United States Marines, Ordnance Guards, and Marine Band were drawn up in the middle of Fourteenth Street, in waiting to form an escort to the embassy.

True to the time they had appointed, the Japanese officials commenced leaving their hotel at half-past eleven o'clock, and as soon as they were seated in the carriages drawn up to convey them, the procession moved forward down Fourteenth Street and along Pennsylvania Avenue, by Fifteenth Street, to the president's house. The Marine Band preceded, followed by the Ordnance men, the United States Marines forming a line on each side of the carriages, which each bore an officer of the embassy in full ceremonial costume. Between every two carriages from two to four Japanese guards, armed with swords, not drawn, marched on foot, one of them carrying aloft a small ensign in Japanese fashion on a pole about twelve feet high. Of these ensigns there were eight, two or three of them formed in the general shape of a Maltese cross, one similar to the flower known as princes-feather, and others of a design which we find it difficult to describe.

The officer occupying the first carriage in the procession was arrayed in a loose slate-colored gown of state, of a general form like the pulpit gown of the Episcopal clergy, with huge sleeves stiffly extending right and left, the texture having a brocade-like appearance, but with the figuring quite minute. The lower dress consisted of a pair of trousers very wide and full and of nearly the same material. On the crown of the head, immediately over the tonsure, extending from the forehead to the crown, was worn an ornament, shaped like a band of three or four inches wide and eighteen inches long, bent in the middle, and the ends tied, but not close together. Nearly all the ambassadors wore this distinction, but in some the bend stood forward, in others backward.

After the official in the slate-colored dress, came one in a rich green brocade, with a larger figure; next one in light green; then one in yellow; next a dark slate, and another in yellow or orange, a third in green, and two riding with Mr. Portman, the interpreter, both arrayed in blue. One little official, in a skirt richly embroidered with pink and gold, attracted considerable attention.

On arriving at the doorway of the executive mansion the Japanese guards took the advance and distributed themselves in a double line, between which the ambassadors and superior officers passed into the interior of the building. Here they remained about ten minutes, until the central folding-doors of the great East Room were thrown open, when the Oriental strangers found themselves in the presence of several hundreds of American ladies and gentlemen, the latter comprising the president and his cabinet officers, senators, members of the House of Repre-

sentatives, and officers of the army and navy in full dress and unusual numbers.

The hour fixed for the reception of the embassy by the president was twelve o'clock; but, long before that time, the vast spaces of the East Room of the presidential mansion began to be filled with expectant visitors; at first dropping in sparsely and in groups only, but at length pressing on in a solid column, and accumulating to such an extent that all approach to where the ceremony was to take place became difficult, and at length impossible. It had been arranged that the reception was to be *exclusively official*, and, of course, "outsiders" were deterred from attempting to gain the *entrée*; but he who gravely expects to deter American ladies from pushing where they are determined to go must have had small experience. In they poured, leaning on the arms of husbands, or following the adventurous lead of bold young officers, glittering with steel and gold, until the hum and chatter of their birdlike voices would lead one to suppose that it was an ordinary levee, instead of the solemn *congeeing* of one mighty empire to another from opposite ends of the earth.

The officers of the army and navy entered about eleven, their commanding figures and free and courteous bearing eliciting universal admiration. They were in high feather, and, from the almost gigantic proportions of the general-in-chief to the slenderest of their athletic forms, they impressed all beholders with one pervading sentiment, that our country and our lives were in perfect safety under the protection of such a band. A number of foreign officers were intermingled with them, but the difference in uniform was not striking.

As the hour of reception approached not a little difficulty was experienced in coercing the well-dressed, well-behaved, distinguished throng which crowded the room so far as to open a free passage for the entrance of the foreign dignitaries; and the mingled courtesy, tact, and authority of one who seemed to act as officer of the day was pretty severely taxed in effecting the division of the brilliant mass before him. Little by little, and with strong reluctance, they began to give ground, till at length the instinct of military command, overcoming the etiquette of the drawing-room, the somewhat stern command was heard, "Gentlemen (of course he could not say ladies, nobody commands them), gentlemen fall back; dress by the left." A wide passage having thus been cleared, the doors were opened.

The president then entered, followed by his cabinet, and took, not indeed the positions originally intended for them (these

were irrecoverably gone), but still a conspicuous place in front of the ladies.

After a pause, the three Japanese princes charged with the custody of the treaty entered the apartment, and, after advancing a few paces, bowed reverentially; took a few more steps, and bowed again, with all the rigid formality of the toy called a "mandarin;" and, having bowed once more as they approached the president, they then stood fast. They were magnificently dressed, as above described. The caps, or ornaments, which they wore upon their heads, they retained throughout the ceremonies. The dimness of the light in the room would have led to the impression that they were middle-aged men, of a complexion between sallow and Indian red, and that they were richly dressed in female apparel.

The ambassador in chief, who stood in the centre, now read from a paper which he held in his hand his speech, or official address to the president. It was read with rather a strong nasal intonation, indicating earnestness rather than eloquence. This speech was interpreted as follows:—

"His majesty, the Ty-coon, has commanded us that we respectfully express to his majesty the president of the United States, in his name as follows:—

"Desiring to establish on a firm and lasting foundation the relations of peace and commerce so happily existing between the two countries that lately the plenipotentiaries of both countries have negotiated and concluded a treaty, he has now ordered us to exchange the ratification of the treaty in your principal city of Washington. Henceforth the friendly relations shall be held more and more lasting, and he is very happy to have your friendly feeling; and pleased that you have brought us to the United States, and will send us to Japan in your men of war."

When the ambassador concluded this address, a square red sort of box or bundle was, with some delay, unfolded, and its contents presented ceremoniously and with an official air to the president, containing a letter to the president from the Ty-coon, or chief magistrate of Japan, and which the president immediately handed over to Mr. Secretary Cass, who stood on his left hand.

Having done this, the ambassador retired, explaining that it would not comport with the etiquette of his country that he should be present while the letter was read, and that he must report the delivery of the letter to "the commissioner," an officer who, as we were informed, remained at the door, not having entered the chamber.

The three princes, after a short delay, again entering as at first, and having, as they advanced, stopped three times to bow themselves, presented to the president their let-

ters of credence, which were in like manner passed over to the secretary of state.

The president now commenced to read, in a very distinct and audible voice (Mr. Buchanan's enunciation was always remarkable for its distinctness), his official address to the ambassadors, in the words following:—

"I give you a cordial welcome as representatives of his imperial majesty, the Ty-coon of Japan to the American Government. We are all much gratified that the first embassy which your great empire has ever accredited to any foreign power has been sent to the United States.

"I trust that this will be the harbinger of perpetual peace and friendship between the two countries. The ratifications you are about to exchange with the secretary of state cannot fail to be productive of benefits and blessings to the people of both Japan and the United States.

"I can say for myself, and promise for my successors, that it shall be carried into execution in a faithful and friendly spirit so as to secure to the countries all the advantages they may justly expect from the happy auspices under which it has been negotiated and ratified.

"I rejoice that you are pleased with the kind treatment which you have received on board of our vessels of war whilst on your passage to this country. You shall be sent back in the same manner to your native land, under the protection of the American flag.

"Meanwhile, during your residence amongst us, which I hope may be prolonged so as to enable you to visit different portions of our country, we shall be happy to extend to you all the hospitality and kindness eminently due to the great and friendly sovereign whom you so worthily represent."

The rhetorical effect of this excellent address was impaired, if not destroyed, by its being interrupted, continually, for the purpose of being translated, as it proceeded, first into Dutch by the Dutch interpreter, and then again into Japanese by a Japanese interpreter. This gave a heaviness to the interview, and occasioned some symptoms of *ennui* among the audience.

The tone and language of the president seemed to be listened to by his bowing auditors with great satisfaction, and especially the promise with which it concluded, that the embassy should be returned to Japan at the expense of the United States government, and under the protection of the American flag.

The princes retired, as before, to report what had been done and said to "the commissioners;" but soon returned, and were then introduced successively to each member of the cabinet, who all shook hands with them. Next came Gen. Scott, who made them one of his most gracious bows, but before whose imposing stature the lank and submissive beings seemed almost extinguished. The vice-president of the United States was then called for, but was not in

presence. The speaker of the House of Representatives was next summoned, and, with difficulty and not a little delay, oared his way through the sea of ladies' bonnets and officers' epaulets which tossed and billowed between him and the high place of honor.

Some other adieus seemed to be taking, when, at length, under the surveillance of Capt. Dupont, the illustrious strangers, after a parting *salaam* to the president, which he returned with a bow as low, retired from the East Room and made their way through ranks of their kneeling subordinates to another room, where they prepared for their return to their quarters.

In finally retiring through the large hall of the president's house, the same forms as at their entrance were observed by the Japanese guards, who lined the way by which the ambassadors passed. The carriages were resumed by each of the high officials, and the whole procession went back in the same order in which it had arrived.

By a quarter past one o'clock all the Japanese officers had alighted and retired to their apartments at their hotel, the escorting military and police were dismissed, and the whole pageant, which thus occupied one hour and three-quarters, was at an end.

LETTER OF THE TY-COON OF JAPAN.

THE following is a translation of the letter of the Ty-coon of Japan, which was presented by the Japanese ambassadors.

"To His Majesty the President of the United States of America I express with respect:

"Lately the governor of Simoda Insooye Sinano no Cami and the Metske Iwasi Hego no Cami had negotiated and decided with Townsend Harris, the minister plenipotentiary of your country, an affair of amity and commerce, and concluded previously the treaty in the city of Yedo. And now the ratification of the treaty is sent with the commissioners of foreign affairs Sinme-Buzen-no-Cami and Muragake-Awazi-no-Cami to exchange the mutual treaty. It proceeds from a particular importance of affairs and a perfectly amicable feeling. Henceforth the intercourse of friendship shall be held between both countries, and benevolent feelings shall be cultivated more and more, and never altered. Because the now deputed three subjects are those whom I have chosen and confided in for the present post, I desire you to grant them your consideration, charity, and respect. Herewith I desire you to spread my sincere wish for friendly relations, and also I have the honor to congratulate you on the security and welfare of your country.

"The 16th day, first month of the seventh year of Ausay Sar."

(Sealed.)

[Name.]

Part of an Article in The Athenæum.
ALEXANDER CRUDEN.

The bearer of this well-known name was the son of an Aberdeen magistrate, and was born in 1701. He took his degree of M. A. when he was nineteen years of age; and was preparing for the ministry when he fell passionately in love with the daughter of a kirk minister, at Aberdeen. The affection was not returned; the young and ardent lover went mad, and he was placed in confinement. There a calm came occasionally over his disturbed spirit; at each return it tarried longer than before. In his lucid intervals young Cruden turned to study, and therein he did not forget, but he found some compensation for the indifference of the fair girl, whose heart was all given to a guilty love. In a year or two Alexander was released, came up to London, gave private lessons, went to the Isle of Man, was restless for a while, but subsequently returned to the capital, where he found employment as a corrector of the press. His talents, industry, and integrity procured for him friends of such quality that, in 1735, he was appointed Librarian to Caroline, wife of George the Second. It was then that he addressed himself to the completion of that great work with which his name is still connected, "Cruden's Concordance"—in which he did, alone, what five hundred years before, Hugo de St. Marc, with five hundred monks to help him, had attempted in vain.

It must have been a proud moment when, in 1737, Cruden presented the first copy of this volume to the Queen, who promised him some noble recompense. But Caroline died ere it was awarded, and Cruden, who had engaged all his little fortune on that one huge venture, stricken with terror and disappointment, again made shipwreck of his reason, and was conveyed to an asylum in Bethnal Green. In course of time, he issued thence, in better but not in perfect health of mind. He published wild pamphlets, and entered actions, which he would fain conduct himself, against those who had recently had him under their care; but grad-

ually he settled down again,—a corrector of the press, remarkable for his profound scholarship, his unbroken taciturnity, and his unrelieved melancholy. A singular accident then occurred to him; he accompanied a friend to a house, the door of which was accidentally opened by the early and sole idol of his heart. Cruden sprang back trembling from head to foot; and, leaning on his friend for support, exclaimed, as he pointed to her, "It is she! It is she!" and then gazing at her, added, "and the same black eyes! the same black eyes!"

The gloom of the noble lover and profound scholar settled round him thicker and more oppressively than ever, till 1753, when he was again under restraint. When he was once more restored, he suggested to his relatives that, as some compensation for what he had endured, they should among them suffer as much loss of liberty, in various prisons to be chosen by themselves, as he had been deprived of, unjustly, as he thought, during his confinement.

His after life was a strange mixture of the wild and the sensible. He would work well half the night through at correcting proofs of the classics, completed a new edition of his "Concordance" in 1766,—which the king rewarded by a present of £100, and, proclaiming himself public corrector of morals, demanded to be so recognized by an order in council, and therewith have conferred upon him the honor of knighthood! He wrote and lectured in Latin and in English on this subject, and in various parts of the country. As he went, he scrupulously tore from the walls all bills which seemed to him to be dangerous to morals; and with a sponge, which he always carried for the purpose, he effaced all inscriptions which he thought unbecoming in a pure and Christian land.

As he grew older his reason became more disturbed, and perhaps it was some resemblance to his Aberdeen idol which induced him to pay such court to a baronet's daughter as to compel the father to take the young lady on foreign travel. Poor Cruden immediately printed copies of prayers, to be publicly used for her safe return; and when this did occur, the simple swain harmlessly employed himself in circulating printed thanksgivings for that happy event. Soon after this he died,—with an affecting touch of madness in the manner of his death.